

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,584

APRIL 7, 1900

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



\*STRAND\*

190

\*LONDON\*

PRICE NINEPENCE

# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1900

WITH EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT  
"The Queen's Visit to Ireland"

PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post, 9½d.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN  
TAKEN BY SPECIAL COMMAND AT OSBORNE BY CHANCELLOR AND SON, OF DUBLIN



## Topics of the Week

**Peace, in Heaven's Name!** "GIVE us peace, in Heaven's name, after a settlement," exclaimed Mr. Rose-Innes in the excellent speech he delivered at Claremont, Cape Colony, the other day—peace that will lead to a settlement, and a settlement that will make for permanent peace. That, in a few words, is the wail of the Afrikaner to-day, and no one who knows anything of Cape history will doubt that it is a wail that comes from the heart. We have recently had on the Bloemfontein-Thabanchu road a reminder that peace is still far off, even that peace which is the preliminary to the work of constructive statesmanship Mr. Rose-Innes had in his mind. From Bloemfontein to Pretoria is still a long journey, and the road has to be opened and kept almost from the threshold of our military positions. None the less it is not unwise to prepare ourselves for the duty which awaits us when the sword shall have accomplished its task. We failed to prepare ourselves adequately for the war with results we shall not soon forget, and the war, tremendous though it is, is a small thing by the side of the enterprise to which it leads—the making of a contented, united, and prosperous dominion out of a congeries of conflicting political entities which have hitherto known little contentment, less prosperity, and no union at all. That the basis of any settlement must be annexation is now virtually admitted on all sides. There are not a few people who shrink from it from a very reasonable desire to save the Empire from fresh burdens and responsibilities, and, perhaps, from a suspicion that it involves the extinction of a nationality, after the fashion of the crime which wiped Poland off the map. As a matter of fact, the suspicion is groundless, for the Boers have never been a nation in the accepted sense of the term, and though it is true that annexation means fresh burdens to the Empire, it is impossible to find an alternative that will be less burdensome. The object in view must be, not the vainglorious addition of so many square miles of territory, or so many more thousands of population to the inventory of the British Empire, but, as Mr. Rose-Innes has said, the "permanent peace" of South Africa. If that peace is to be secured frontiers must be broken down and all white men must be placed on an equality. We cannot have Dutch who are British subjects envying other Dutch who are semi-independent, nor can we any longer tolerate British subjects who are oppressed by the Dutch appealing to their Colonial brethren to help them against the oppressor. All must be free, and all must be equal, and if this is to be accomplished the balance must be held by the British Crown. If the settlement is kept within these limits, and no very large disturbances of the *status quo* are otherwise attempted, we shall have permanent peace. It must, however, be impressed upon the Government that the individual life of the conquered peoples should be interfered with as little as possible. Local boundaries and local institutions must as far as possible be left untouched. A change which does not affect the daily life of the individual will not be resented long, especially if it proves beneficial to that daily life in the direction of its own instincts. The Boer to-day is fighting very largely because he believes that the extinction of the independence of the Republics will bring with it disabilities, grasping alien tax-gatherers, perhaps even confiscation. When he finds that this is not the case, that nothing is changed except a name, and that the machinery of Government, as he knows it, goes on just the same as before, only a little better, he will not long prove irreconcilable.

**Her Majesty's Irish Visit** WHATEVER political consequences may result from the Queen's visit to Dublin and the enthusiastic welcome accorded to her, it is indisputable that material gain of a very solid character must accrue to the Sister Isle. To begin with, during the period of Her Majesty's stay, money will be circulated freely, much to the benefit of Irish trade and industry. Afterwards, it is by no means unlikely that the world of fashion may come to regard a trip to Ireland much in the same light as the grand tour of Europe used to be viewed by patricians and their imitators. The island has, in itself, great attractions; what between lovely scenery, picturesque peasants, and freedom from conventional restraints, the British visitor who carries with him an unprejudiced mind almost invariably crosses the Channel again and again to renew his acquaintance with the pleasant land. There is, too, just sufficient strangeness in the people and their surroundings to lend them piquancy. The Irish jarvey, for instance, is *sui generis*; the British cabby does not resemble him in the slightest, except, perhaps, in power of repartee. Away from the towns, other types of Celtic humanity meet the traveller at every turn, and all are infinitely refreshing after the hackneyed associations of English life. It is almost a pity that the Queen will not have any opportunity of making acquaintance with the Irish peasant in his own home.

**The Ever-Growing Millions** WHEN Sir Michael Hicks-Beach made his Budget statement three weeks ago, he estimated that the revenue up to the end of March would amount to 116,040,000/. The revenue returns show that the total actually realised is 119,840,000/., or no less than 3,800,000/. in excess of the sum estimated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer so recently as March 5. It certainly is remarkable that the experts of the Treasury should have been so strikingly wrong in their estimate, and the blunder cannot be fully explained by pointing to the sudden rush made by merchants to clear goods in anticipation of new taxation. The fact of this rush was known when the Budget speech was made, and its effect was allowed for by amateur financiers, as can be seen by examining the guesses at the Budget that appeared in various newspapers before the Budget speech. The public, however, when the millions are rolling in, is less eager to ask why the Chancellor of the Exchequer underestimates his totals than to note what a magnificent proof these totals furnish of the prosperity of the country. The figures are almost appalling in their magnitude. The revenue of the United Kingdom turned a hundred millions for the first time in the year ending March 31, 1896, when it reached the total of 101,974,000/. Since that year taxation has been considerably reduced, yet the revenue has every year gone on bounding ahead. Last year was the largest bound of all, the increase being no less than 11,500,000/. Taking the five years as a whole, and allowing for the changes made in taxation, it will be found that the increased yield of the revenue, due solely to the expanding wealth of the country, has been no less than twenty millions sterling per annum. Such evidence of superb prosperity the country has never witnessed before. For the increased revenue is due not to the expansion of any one particular item, but to the growth of all. The Exchequer returns show, in signs that cannot be misunderstood, that the nation is creating more wealth than at any previous period in its history, and spending it more freely.

**Dear Coal** THE large increase in the cost of fuel is producing much more far-reaching effects than those which, during the past winter, came home so painfully to householders living on narrow incomes. It is purposed by the principal railway companies to raise their rates, both for passengers and goods, as the only way to balance the increase of working expenses. Excursion traffic is, so report goes, particularly marked down for additional charges, and if pitmen were the only workmen to suffer not a syllable could be said on their behalf. But they form only one section of the working-class world; all the others find the cost of living increased without any tangible benefit in return. Almost all manufactured goods which they buy are dearer than they were this time last year, while the South Metropolitan Gas Company has just given notice that after Lady Day its customers will have to pay 2s. 4d. per 1,000 cubic feet instead of 2s. 1d., the present rate. The directors probably held back through the winter in the belief that the spring would, as usual, cheapen coals by diminishing the demand. But nothing of the sort has yet taken place; the scarcity, whether natural or artificial, remains as great as ever. Several foreign countries which used to supply their own fuel requirements are now importing largely and continuously from Great Britain at prices which would have appeared fabulous twelve months ago. It is an irksome situation that we should be helping the foreigner to compete against us in manufactures and in the ocean-carrying trade, the backbone of British commerce.

**How to make Good Citizens** AMONG the many admirable organisations of practical benevolence which form the pride of the United Kingdom, not many can display a finer record of achievement than the National Incorporated Waifs Association. Since it came into existence some twenty years ago, under the modest title of "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," it has placed nearly 11,000 wastrel children, picked up from the streets, in Canada and the other British Colonies. In itself that would not count for much; neglect and evil influences are as fatal to juvenile morality in Greater Britain as in the Mother Country. But the Association claims that 98 per cent. of the little lads and lasses it has exported have proved successful, and are now earning honest livings. When it is remembered that the large majority of these derelicts would, but for philanthropic intervention, have become inevitably recruits for our criminal forces, the gain to the Mother Country fully equals that resulting to the Colonies from increasing their acclimatised populations. In fine, while we have happily got rid of the makings of nearly 11,000, more or less, bad citizens, Greater Britain has secured more than 10,000 good citizens.

## THE LADYSMITH LYRE,

Being an exact facsimile of the Humorous Illustrated Paper published in Ladysmith during the Siege.

ISSUED BY THE PROPRIETORS OF

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC"  
NOW READY. Post Free, TWOPENCE.

## Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

PUBLIC attention should be drawn to a remarkable feature in the life of the Queen which is generally overlooked. The more advanced Her Majesty becomes in years the more her work increases. The great extension of the Empire, the increased activity of modern life, and the developments of the times have more than quadrupled the work which the Sovereign had to deal with when Her Majesty succeeded to the Throne. The Queen at eighty is, therefore, obliged to work considerably harder than at any previous period of her reign. There are few men, and less women, of her age of whom that could be written.

Her Majesty's visit to Ireland will certainly bring about some modifications to the "Peerage." Lord Cadogan will be raised to the Marquissate to commemorate the visit, and there are some who predict that he may even be created a Duke. One or two of the Irish Peers will be raised a step in rank, and some baronetcies and more knighthoods will be distributed. Amongst those who will be knighted in one form or the other is the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Certain foreign clerical journalists, looking at English politics through the same glasses with which they regard political questions on the Continent, have hinted that British Catholics should entertain patriotic sentiments towards Protestant England. The Duke of Norfolk, who is the leading man amongst the laity in England, has resigned his office of Postmaster-General, and hurried to the front to show that English Catholics repudiate such a suggestion. The full significance of his actions in this matter has not yet been generally understood, and it is well that it should be. The Duke of Norfolk is a remarkable man; very able, absolutely unselfish, and conducting his life always by the light of the highest principles, his influence in the Catholic world is enormous. His silent protest on this occasion will have its effect throughout the Catholic world.

It is generally admitted now that, unless circumstances greatly alter the prospects of the near future, the Government will not dissolve this summer as has recently been expected that it would. The Government has been advised that it would be wiser to seek re-election when the troops return, and when the country will be under the influence of the success of our Army. Moreover, it would obviously be injudicious to risk a change of Ministers while the war in South Africa is unconcluded.

Enterprise is one of the chief features of our generation. It is understood that President Kruger—who will then be ex-President—is to be asked, after the close of the campaign, to write a full account of the facts which, in his opinion, led in sequence to the declaration of the war. It is hoped that much which is now obscure may be brought to light in such a volume, which will be probably published by an American firm. It is said that the title will be "The South African Republics and Great Britain, by ex-President Kruger."

There is an element, however, which should not be overlooked. President Kruger may decide to cast his lot in with the Republicans to the very last, and to court death on the field of battle. That would be publishers do not take that extreme view of the probabilities of the situation. They imagine that when matters become desperate the then ex-President will cross the border into Portuguese territory. Being a very rich man, who has most of his money invested in Europe, he would then probably settle in the Netherlands, where a warm welcome should certainly await him.

A large number of those who have eagerly sought to be sent to the front have gone to South Africa hoping that after the war they may settle there. That is a hope which the Government should do their utmost to fulfill, and, indeed, it is understood that all which can be done in that direction is to be attempted. Ten thousand well-seasoned settlers would materially improve the prospects of the situation after the war, and would bring into the country an element which would be far more serviceable than that composed of "gold-seekers" and the adventurers who flock to a mining district. Several members of Parliament are resolved to keep that matter fresh in the minds of Ministers.

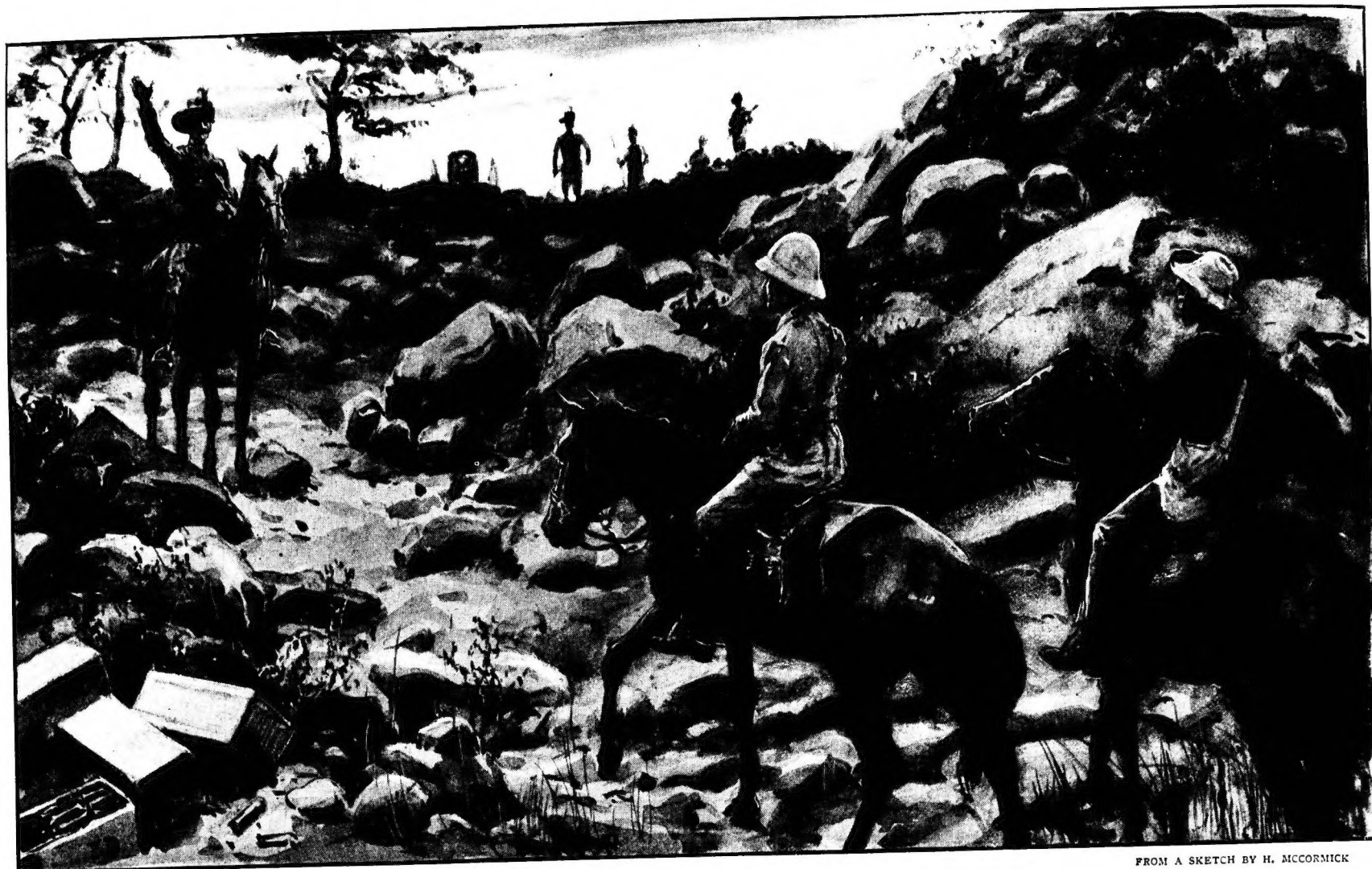
Many of those who write for the London newspapers have taken it for granted that—should he continue to be successful—Lord Roberts will be appointed to succeed Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. It is probable that the appointment will be offered to Lord Roberts as a compliment, but it is improbable that he will accept the post. Lord Roberts is advanced in years, and the campaign, together with the climate, will try his constitution severely. Besides, the loss of his son will certainly have affected his views. Moreover, the new Commander-in-Chief will have to undertake a task which will be only a little less trying than is the conduct of the present war, for the reorganisation of the War Office and of the whole of our military system is a serious problem.

Undoubtedly that task is destined for Lord Kitchener, should he escape from the war alive and with his reputation intact. Lord Kitchener has a talent for organisation, and he thrives upon hard work. He sets little value upon popularity, and his mind is absorbed in the career which he has adopted. That is the very man who is required to oppose the forces of prejudice and privilege, and to him will assuredly be committed the task of reorganising the War Office and the Army.









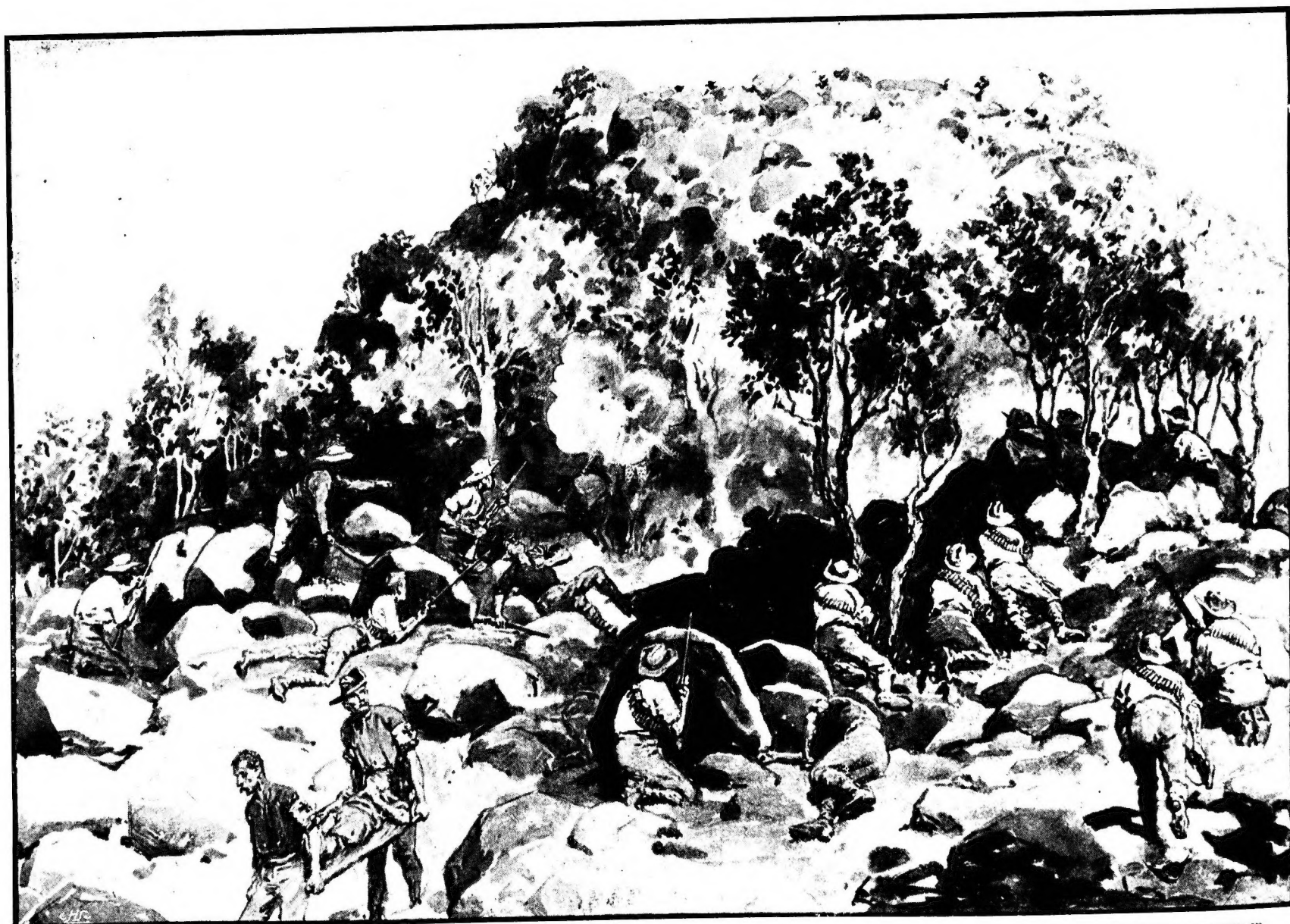
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY H. MCCORMICK

When the advance squadrons of the Relief Force Cavalry, under Major Gough, arrived unexpectedly on the evening of February 28, Mr. Lionel James, the *Times* Special Correspondent, started with a native guide to ride through with the news of the relief. A deluge of rain, accompanied with a terrific thunder-storm, filled the spruets and considerably increased the difficulties of the journey. Mr. James narrowly escaped capture by

the enemy, as the rough paths which he followed led him through the enemy's bivouac at the foot of Middle Hill. The Boers were at work moving a big gun when he passed. At daybreak he stumbled upon an outlying picket of Sir Redvers Buller's force, commanded by Lieutenant Ward, of the South African Light Horse, and he thus succeeded in being the first man through with the news of the relief.

# BRINGING NEWS OF THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH: A CORRESPONDENT'S PLUCKY RIDE



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK J. MACKENZIE

Colonel Plumer sent out a force early on the morning of February 12, under Major Bird, consisting of 750 Rhodesia men, twenty-five British South Africa Police, and twenty-five South Rhodesia Volunteers, to attack the Boer fort near Gaberones. The force reached the foot of the kopje by four a.m., but after a

determined assault Major Bird ordered a retirement, the kopje being covered with bush and further protected by obstacles. Our casualties numbered about thirty.

# COLONEL PLUMER'S ADVANCE TO THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING: THE ATTACK ON A BOER FORT NEAR GABERONES





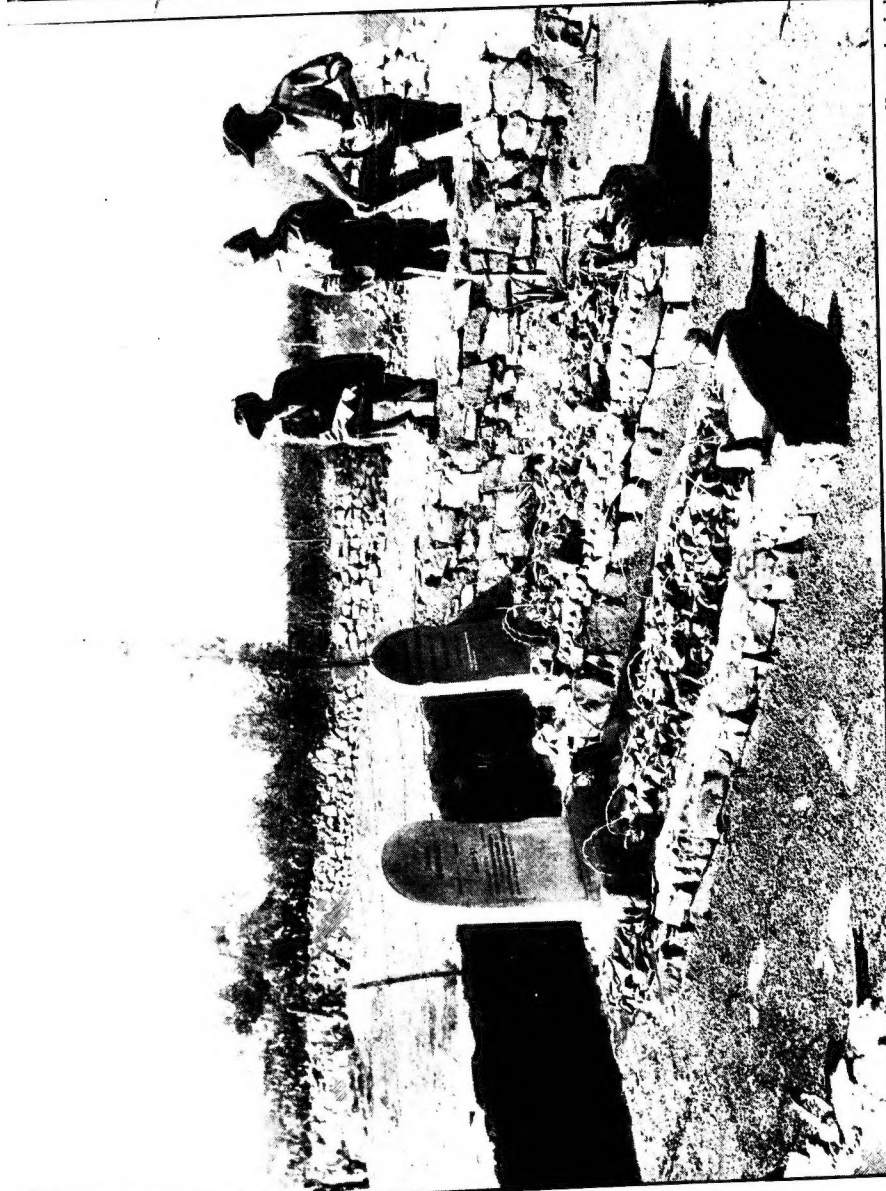
After the surrender of Cronje the military authorities took possession of the stores, and then the men were allowed to loot what was left. The stores were brought across the river in ox waggons drawn by long teams of oxen. Our illustration is from a photograph by our Special Photographer Reinhold Thiele

AFTER PAARDEBERG: BRINGING IN THE SPOILS OF WAR



In Cronje's laager at Paardeberg the whole river bank on both sides was honeycombed with trenches. Such trenches were never seen before. They were really underground dwellings, and perfectly secure, unless a shell is dropped into the opening from above. Our photograph is by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele.

BOER TRENCHES AT PAARDEBERG



Lieutenant-Colonel H. P. Northcott, who was on Lord Methuen's staff, was killed in the battle at Modder River on November 28. He was buried near the bank of the river. Our illustration of his grave is from a photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele, taken after the relief of Kimberley

THE GRAVE OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL NORTHCOTT ON THE MODDER RIVER



Two of our officers had been prisoners in the Boer laager for eight days. They were Captain Godfrey Faussett, of the 1st Essex, and Lieutenant G. W. Herbert, 1st Welsh Regiment. They had swum across the river with despatches to Lord Kitchener, and had been captured by a Boer picket. They had been living in a kind of tunnel in the trenches, and said they had been well treated but closely guarded. Our illustration is from a photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

HOLES WHERE TWO BRITISH OFFICERS WERE CONFINED BY THE BOERS AT PAARDEBERG





BORN 1834

DIED MARCH 27, 1900

THE LATE GENERAL PIETRUS JACOBUS JOUBERT  
Commander-in-Chief of the Boer Army

## The Late General Joubert

By POULTNEY BIGELOW

PEACE to gentle old Joubert! There could have been few dry eyes in the Transvaal when the news of his death spread from farm to farm. He was a broad-shouldered and also a broad-minded Boer—as Transvaal Boers go. His personal inclination was to encourage partnership with England for the material development of the country, but his kindly intentions were no match for the rabid fury with which Paul Kruger preached crusade against everything associated with the land of Rhodes and Chamberlain. Joubert was a soldier who tried to be a lawyer, and a lawyer who played at being a warrior. At any rate, his mind was more judicial than military, and he hesitated in moments when a blow would have done good. Before the Jameson raid it was openly charged in the Pretoria Club that Joubert had received the most votes at the last Presidential election, but had been cheated out of the honour because he was too mild to make a fight. His backers were very angry at his complaisance, and Paul Kruger appeared to acknowledge what he owed to his rival by doing all in his power to make him forget the "ballot-stuffing" days. Whatever of truth there may be in the charge that Joubert obtained the most votes at the last Presidential election, there can be no doubt that in his person he represented a very respectable proportion of Boers who were weary of Krugerism and its fanatical imitation of medieval legislation. There were plenty of Boers even in 1896 who had higher social and economic aims than

posing as Ape-like cowboys. And when the storm cloud of this war shall have blown away there will be plenty of patriotic burghers who will come forward and frankly confess that in blindly following Kruger they have taken counsel of ignorance—that for the future they propose looking ahead rather than into the past, to honour the conciliatory temper of Joubert rather than the pious pigheadedness of honest Oom Paul. Joubert had a winning smile, and, in response, a pleasing, if somewhat bovine expression—the look of a man who does not think hard at any time, and very little all the time. When I first met him at Pretoria he struck me as a rough counterfeit of Martin Steyn, the "late" President of the Free State. Steyn, too, has the winning smile, the reposeful calm of the man whose faculties are well balanced, but, in addition to that, Steyn had more intelligence, more lines of thought, more of the fighting animal in him. Joubert could never deny anyone; his disposition was to make everyone around him contented. He liked sleek and happy companions; perhaps it was the French blood within him which made him seem much more human and sociable than the German-blooded Kruger and the equally uncompromising Cronje. As an instance of Joubert's amiability, not to say laxness, I dropped into his office in the Capitol building on a forenoon when the military commission was engaged in selecting a standard weapon for the new army. This was a matter which one might suppose would invite secrecy. At least I imagined that the War Minister would wish to have private talk with his advisers on so important a matter as selecting the weapon for the impending war. But old Joubert treated the whole matter with the genial good nature of a Rip van Winkle. His friends crowded in upon him, the rooms of his office were full of burghers, who handled the assortment of small arms on hand, and discussed their relative merits with him as freely as though it was a question of a target match, and not of a conflict that would call every burgher under arms. Joubert lacked one essential for the successful politician—he was not selfish enough, he could not keep his mind fixed upon one object of ambition and pursue that over the bodies of his competitors. He stopped everywhere on his course to help others weaker than himself—and in this he showed his weakness—from the political point of view.

Will the death of Joubert have much effect on the course of the war? I think not. Kruger is the product of a vicious sentiment which has developed and grown strong in an atmosphere of lies, prejudice, and artificial hatred imported from other countries. The Krugerites hate the English as the Southerners hated the Northerners in the American Civil War. The fight is now on, and it is the duty of each side to fight it out until every Boer from Cape-town to the Zambesi is now and for ever convinced, not merely that England has won, but is capable of winning every time. Nothing but hard knocks will drive this home in the Transvaal, and no other solution is desirable if we are to have future peace and progress in "white man's Africa." When Lee surrendered at Appomattox in 1865, he surrendered 30,000 starving men—all that remained of an army of 500,000 after five years of fighting. When Kruger surrenders, let us hope it will be after that fashion; and after that has happened we need not worry about the future. We shall not need to punish any Boer leader, any more than the North punished Jefferson Davis. Kruger and Steyn will acknowledge that they were wrong, and the younger of them, at least, who is a man of strong and intellectual mould, may be counted upon for a full and honourable share in building up the great South African Federation whose form is now dimly in sight. It was blood and iron that united Germany, and the same savage surgery effected the union of the English-speaking states of North America. There is nothing in South Africa to discourage those who have studied these two great struggles for union at first hand. The Boers are nearer in blood and sentiment to Anglo-Saxons than we now realise. They have not yet been taught that England is both strong and just. They have yet to learn that Majuba Hill was associated with British magnanimity, and that the Jameson Raid was not encouraged by Englishmen in office.

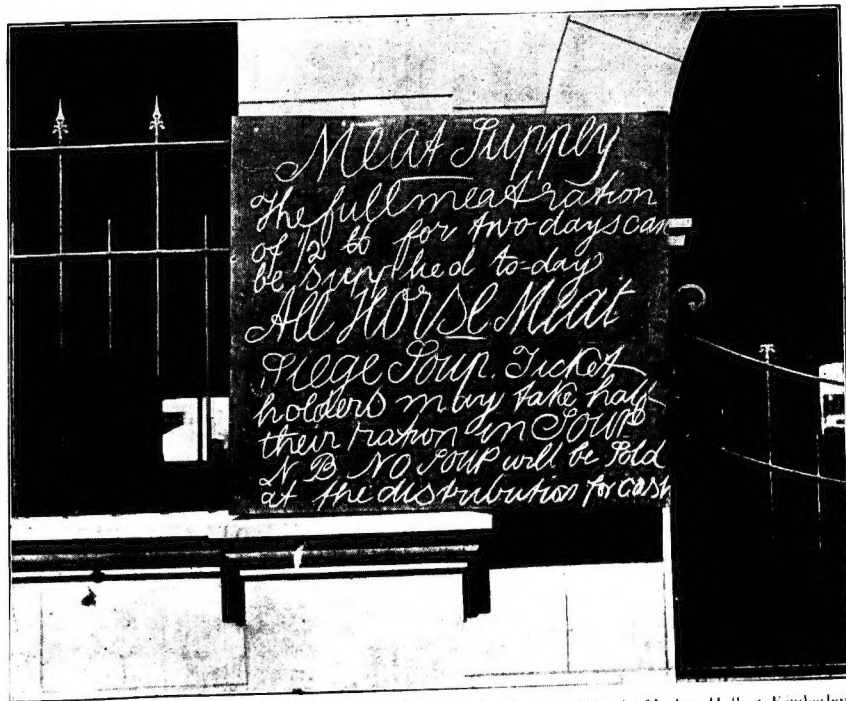


COMMANDANT LOUIS BOTHA  
Who has succeeded the late General Joubert as  
Commander-in-Chief of the Transvaal Army

## Commandant-General Botha

THE SUCCESSOR OF THE LATE GENERAL JOUBERT

DURING the present campaign in South Africa more than one prominent individual, both on the Boer side and on the British, has been killed by rumour and the electric telegraph, and Commandant Louis Botha, who has just been chosen to succeed General Joubert as Commander-in-Chief of the Boer forces, was one who shared this fate. He was "slain" in quite a circumstantial manner, it will be remembered, quite early in the campaign, and there was some pardonable crowing on the part of the British at having brought down so fine a bird, in the military sense, as Louis Botha. We were positively assured that the corpse of the Boer leader had been found and identified; that he had been shot through the right breast from a Lee-Netford rifle at 1,000 yards range; and that the wound was so small as to be scarcely perceptible. Moreover, certain valuable papers were alleged to have been found on the "body," one of which was an instruction to the "deceased," from Head-Commandant Wessels, to seize the



This photograph of the notice-board put up by Army Service Corps outside the Market Hall at Kimberley speaks eloquently of the kind of fare the garrison were reduced to. Our photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

A REMINISCENCE OF THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY



Two fifteen-pounders belonging to No. 4 Battery, Royal Field Artillery, were hauled up Coteskop, a hill 800 feet high. These guns, on this commanding height, did good service in destroying the enemy's laager. Our photograph is by Major Dauncey

HARD WORK FOR THE GUNNERS



enemy's cattle at Kenilworth, near Kimberley, as soon as possible. The mistake, for such it was, is easily accounted for. In South Africa the name of Botha is almost as common as that of Smith or Jones in England—Black Rod, in the Cape Parliament, is a Botha—and when the surname is not accompanied by some distinguishing prefix confusion invariably results. Only the other day, for example, we heard one clubman inform another quite positively that General Joubert's successor was "the fellow who, during the Boer War of Independence, fought a sort of duel with Mr. Woolls Sampson, the Australian Johnnie, who was wounded the other day whilst leading the Imperial Horse near Ladysmith." This, of course, is not so: that particular Botha is too much of a veteran and certainly too infirm physically to be entrusted with the important duties which have been entrusted to his younger kinsman and namesake, Louis Botha. The latter is a farmer by calling, but, like so many of his colleagues, a soldier by necessity, and a keen, clever tactician by instinct. He may be expected to bear himself bravely in the important role to which he has been called. During the operations in Natal Commandant Louis Botha was the right-hand man of the late Commandant, General Joubert, and was responsible for not a little of the clever strategem displayed by the Boers in the "Garden Colony." On more than one occasion Louis Botha rushed in—and succeeded—where Joubert feared to tread; and it is this quality of daring allied with caution that has done so much to win for the new Boer Commandant-General the respect and esteem of his men. In appearance Commandant-General Botha is a typical Boer, though he is not, physically speaking, so fine a man as the majority of his *confrères*. A grey beard, and a somewhat stern-set expression of countenance are his external characteristics. He is less than common tall, but, like our own "Bobs," what he lacks in inches is more than counter-balanced by his far-sightedness, his fearlessness, and his spirit of independence. From the Boer point of view Louis Botha is decidedly the right man in the right place, and we shall probably hear a good deal of him before the Jack flies over Pretoria.

## The Sieges of Half a Century

THE recent dramatically effected relief of Ladysmith and Kimberley, after each had been invested some four months, has naturally directed a good deal of attention at the present moment to the subject of sieges in general. This, then, being the case, a brief account of some of the more notable episodes of a similar nature should prove of special interest.

One fact with which the investigator in this field of research is bound to be struck at the outset is that of the abundance of material existing thereon. Thus, one authority on the subject actually tabulates no less than 200 distinct sieges as being entitled to inclusion in any list of important ones, while another contents itself with individually mentioning 150. These, as may be imagined, are of all dates and degrees, the earliest referred to being that of Azoth—at the hands of Psammetichus the Powerful—which lasted (according to Herodotus for twenty-nine years. Then there is, of course, the ten-year one of Troy, and the five-year one of Tyre.

For purposes of comparison, however, with the late sieges in South Africa, it is more to the point to refer only to investments that have taken place within recent years. Accordingly, no detailed mention need here be made of the sieges of such places as Gibraltar, Mangalore, Pondicherry, Lille, or Valenciennes, etc. Instead of these, only instances that have occurred during the latter half of the present century will come under consideration in the course of the following remarks.

In connection with this, no better starting point can be made than Khartoum. Here, on January 26, 1885, fell the heroic General Gordon, who, for very nearly twelve months, was besieged within its walls by the forces of the Mahdi. Throughout the entire period of investment the little band of soldiers and faithful natives under this gallant Englishman's command endured the greatest

suffering and privation imaginable. The hope and belief, however, that the passage of every day would bring them rescue inspired them, no doubt, in their long hour of trial. As every one knows, however, the confidence was not justified, and Gordon and his devoted followers fell—to be splendidly avenged, however, fourteen years later, by Lord Kitchener.

After that at Khartoum, the next siege of note—proceeding, of course, backwards—is that of Plevna, which was finally raised on December 10, 1877. On the night of the previous day Osman Pacha, reduced to desperation by want of supplies, made a sortie from the town. The attempt, however, failed signally, for the Turks were surrounded by the Russians and defeated with great slaughter. Thereupon Osman Pacha surrendered "unconditionally."

Another hardly pressed siege that took place during the same campaign was that of Strassburg. On September 30, 1681, this town surrendered to the French. In the same month, but just 189 years later, it was entered by the Germans, after an investment that had lasted since August 10. The garrison were under the command of General Uhrich, who declared that "he would not surrender except on a heap of ashes!" In answer to this declaration of defiance, General von Werder, who led the investing party, promptly commenced a vigorous bombardment. At the same time, he repelled a sortie which the garrison felt emboldened to make. For some six weeks the siege was sustained, until, at last, on September 27, the French had no other course but to surrender. At eight o'clock in the morning, accordingly, the entire garrison—

to the number of 400 officers and 17,150 men—laid down their arms and became prisoners of war. As a reward for his stout resistance, General Uhrich received, later on, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

The next siege of any note was that of Richmond, U.S.A. This lasted for very nearly an entire year, during which period several desperate battles took place. On April 2, 1865, however, the town was evacuated by the Confederates and occupied by General Grant. On the same day the town of Petersburg, which had also been beleaguered for some time, surrendered.

During the Indian Mutiny Campaign there were several important sieges. The chief of these were, of course, those of Delhi and Lucknow, which lasted respectively for four months and eighty-seven days. When the flame of revolt burst into open rebellion on May 10, 1857, a number of mutineers fled to Delhi and seized the city. Through the gallantry of the British officers there the rebels were foiled in their attempt to seize the magazine, which, by the way, was, as a last resource, blown up by an artillery officer. Very shortly after this the city was besieged by the British (under Sir Archdale Wilson), but it was not until September 20 that it finally fell.

The memorable defence of Lucknow is one of the brightest pages in the military history of our own or any other nation. When a spirit of rebellion first manifested itself in the native quarter—on May 30, 1857—Sir Henry Lawrence (then in command of the garrison) promptly drove out the mutinous troops and fortified the town. The Sepoys attempted to re-enter, and, being prevented, forthwith commenced a heavy bombardment. On the second day of this the gallant Sir Henry was killed by a shell, and the command devolved upon Brigadier John Inglis. The force under him consisted of about 1,800 fighting men (of whom only 730 were Europeans), while opposed to him were at least 20,000 mutineers. In addition to this disadvantage to contend against, he was short of rations and ammunition. Sickness also broke out and thinned his ranks still further. At last, however—when his little garrison was so broken down with privation and fatigue that it could scarcely find sufficient men to mount the daily guards—Havelock and Outram fought their way in at the head of a relieving column. They, in turn, however, were themselves besieged almost immediately afterwards, and it was not until the following November that, through the instrumentality of Sir Colin Campbell, the war-worn city was finally freed of the presence of the enemy.

Lasting as it did for eleven months—1854-5—the siege of Sebastopol naturally ranks as one

of the greatest of those that have occurred during the last fifty years. The bombardment of the town commenced on October 17, 1854, and was continued almost without intermission until the following September. On the 8th of that month a grand assault was made, by the British and French forces in combination, upon the Malakhoff Tower and the Redan. This was unsuccessful in its immediate result, and occasioned an enormous loss of life to the attacking party. When night fell, however, the Russians abandoned the town, having first destroyed the principal portion of their fortifications. Their commander, General Todleben, who conducted the defence with great skill and courage, was buried in the town just twenty-nine years later. Another siege of note occurring about the same time was that of Kars. This lasted for six months and nine days, its defence being conducted by the Turks.



Our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele, obtained permission to take this photograph of General Cronje in company with Captain Watermeyer, the officer who has charge of him

## GENERAL CRONJE IN CAPTIVITY

The strength of the garrison which thus capitulated was approximately 40,000 men, with 128 officers. As the investment had commenced on September 7, its duration accordingly was just over three months.

The siege of Paris—finally raised by the capitulation of the town to the Germans on January 28, 1870—lasted for two months and five days. During the latter portion of this period, the defending garrison were reduced to such straits that cats, dogs, rats, mice, and horseflesh were eaten in lieu of other animal food. Even then a large number of people died of starvation. On the day after the capitulation, the German army occupied the forts round the city, but the capital itself was not entered by them until March 1. For three weeks before this date an armistice, signed by Count Bismarck and Jules Faure, was in existence.





DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

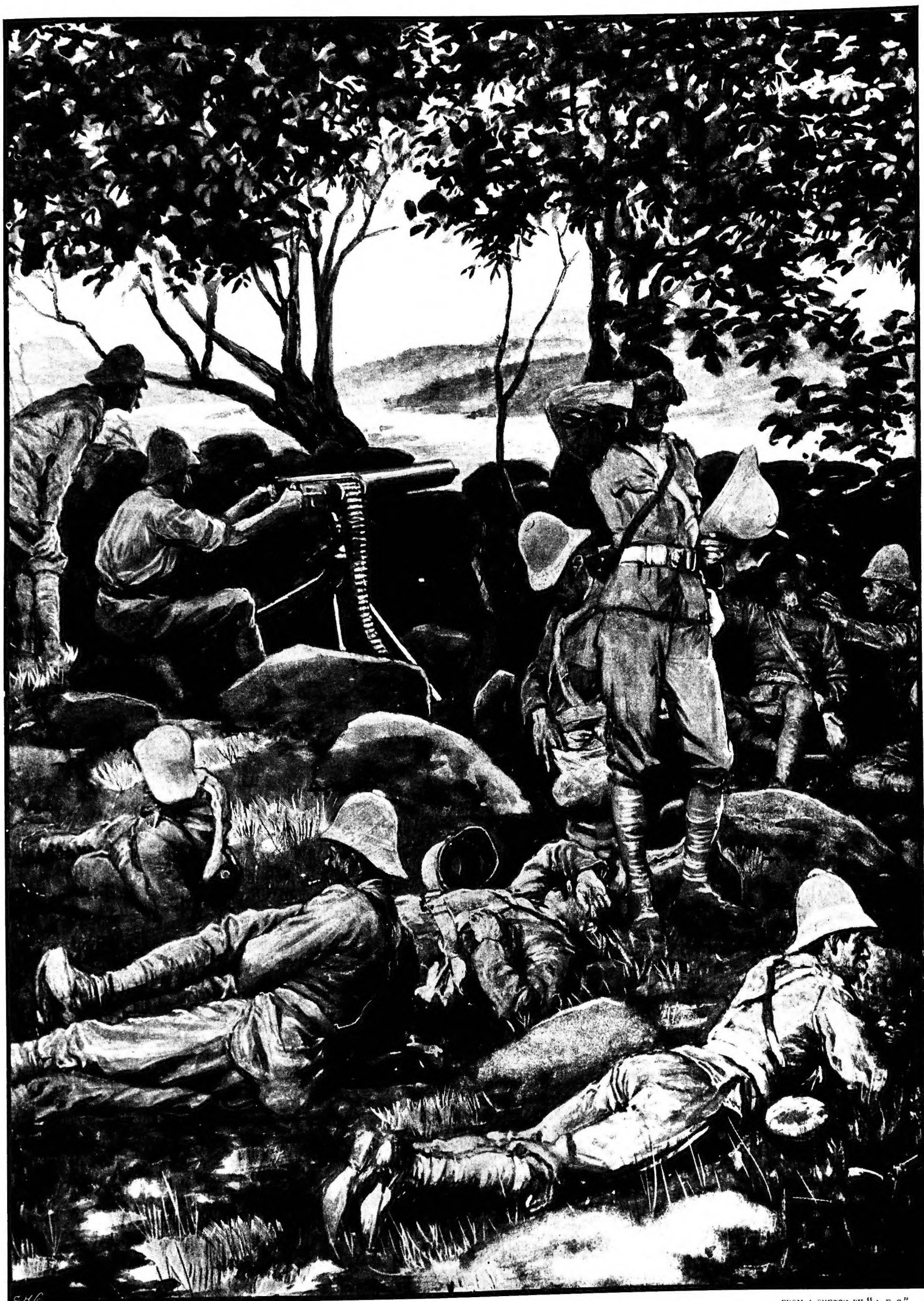
RELIEVED AT LAST: THE VOLUNTEER CAVALRY WHICH FIRST REACHED LADYSMITH CHEERING SIR GEORGE WHITE

FROM A SKETCH BY LIONEL JAMES

to shout. Relief had come after 118 days. Sir George White and his Staff rode down to meet the relieving force, and as the Imperial Light Horse and Natal Carbineers filed past him in the main street they raised cheers that will never be forgotten by those who heard them

When Major Gough rode into Ladysmith with two squadrons of Natal Volunteers, the long besieged garrison were mad with delight. The streets were thronged with crowds too emotional





FROM A SKETCH BY "A. E. C."

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

Our Correspondent, who sent this sketch of an outpost of Bethune's Mounted Infantry on the right flank during the advance from Potgieter's Drift towards Ladysmith on February 5 and 6, points out that the Boers

always conceal their machine guns, and that the irregular troops sometimes follow their example. In the instance shown cover and shade combined enabled the men to take turns in having a much-needed rest

A COOL CORNER: AN OUTPOST UNDER COVER, BOER FASHION



# Chronicle of the War

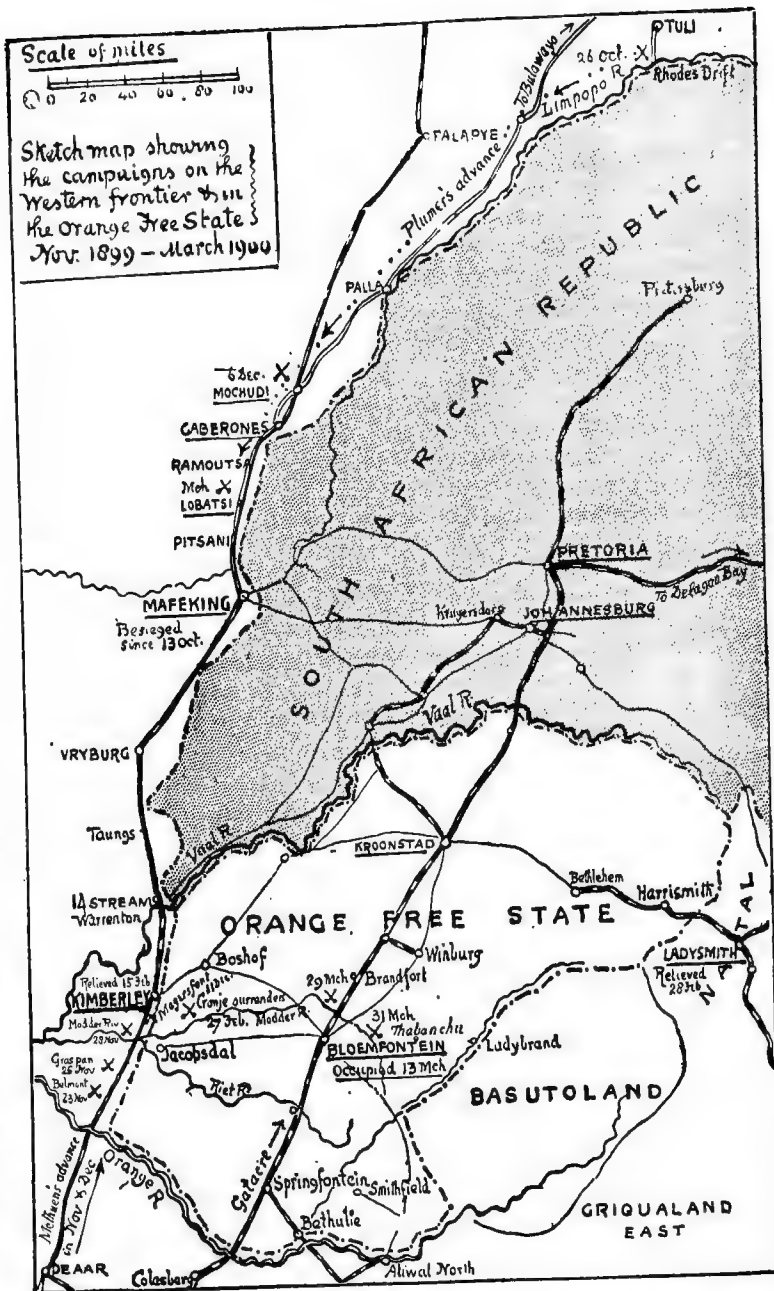
By CHARLES LOWE

## British and Boer Losses

THOUGH March, at the seat of war, came in like a lion—Cronje, the baffled "Lion of the Transvaal"—it did not go out like a lamb, for us at least. Up to the 24th of that month, the total loss of our Army in South Africa had been returned as 2,130 killed, 9,807 wounded, and 3,516 "missing" (i.e., prisoners)—making a total of 15,453, apart from 1,200 deaths from disease, which thus bring our aggregate casualties up to nearly 17,000 officers and men, or about half an army corps. But the last week of March must have been at least another 500 to the round sum of our casualties. On the other hand, what with killed, wounded, prisoners, and desertions, the Boers, since the beginning of the war, are estimated to have suffered a diminution of their combatant force to the extent at least of 15,000, and to this we may reasonably add another 5,000 as the equivalent of the death of their Generalissimo Joubert, who was worth a little host in himself. His last words were, "My poor people! My poor country!" and shortly before he had expressed the wish that, in the event of his death, he might be succeeded as Commander-in-Chief of the Boer forces by General Louis Botha, who is now accordingly the main antagonist of Lord Roberts in the field. Joubert's funeral was a most impressive spectacle. The removal of his body to the family vault on his farm was said to have been witnessed by 10,000 persons; and President Kruger, in his oration, took the opportunity of "attributing the Boer defeats to rampant wickedness in the States." About the same time Bloemfontein was the scene of another impressive military funeral—that of Colonel the Hon. George Gough, grandson of Field-Marshal Viscount Gough, conqueror of the Punjab, who had been private secretary to Lord Wolseley, gone out to the war as A.A.G. to the Cavalry Division, and died of fever at Norval's Pont. Lord Roberts ordered the body of Colonel Gough to be brought to Bloemfontein, and, with all his Staff, followed it to its grave.

## Celts to the Rescue

On the day before General Joubert's death, Mr. Michael Davitt, the Irish Nationalist and ex-M.P., reached Pretoria, and was at once received by President Kruger. Mr. Davitt was accorded an "enthusiastic welcome," and, not satisfied with that, he



Lord Methuen's headquarters are now at Kimberley, to which place he was ordered to return from the Vaal River, where, at Warrenton, he was believed to be about to start for Mafeking. From the north Plumer had been slowly advancing until, at Lobatsi, in the middle of last month, he was checked. At Bloemfontein Lord Roberts, who has now been there a month and more since the surrender of Cronje, and has doubtless been organising a further important move, has had to deal with attacks from the north and east. On the north the Boers were driven back to Brandfort, and on the east the disaster of Koorn Spruit occurred.

hurried on to join the Boer headquarters at Kroonstad, where he was received with equal cordiality, though he is not likely to be of such practical utility there as the French colonel, M. de Villebois-Mareuil, "who has been appointed Commander of the Foreign Legion operating in the Free State." In this same Free State where General Prinsloo, commanding the artillery, has been "arrested on a charge of high treason" at the instance of the Transvaalers—a fact which does a point to much harmony of design between them and their allies; though, on the other hand, this concordance of intention would seem to be further attested by the fact that certain "mass graves" of the Free State combatants have been found to contain nothing but mounds of ammunition, and that the arms which many of the burghers had surrendered in token of submission are an antiquated pattern, of which the giving up does not seriously impair their reserve means of defence. At the same time, as far as mere appearances go, the whole of the Free State between the Orange River and its capital has now been subjected to the rule of Lord Roberts, and the Union Jack is flying at Jagersfontein and Fauresmith, "which were occupied this morning (March 27) by General Clements and his troops, amid great rejoicing and enthusiasm—there being no opposition."

## Baptisms of Fire

This was gratifying news for Lord Roberts, who, ever since his occupation of Bloemfontein on March 13, has been content to remain there recuperating his troops, amassing supplies and means of transport, perfecting his lines of communication, and generally preparing for a northward advance towards Pretoria, where Lord Wolseley is said to have prophesied he would be able to hoist the British flag by the middle of May. But President Kruger had vowed that he would recapture the Free State capital "within a week," and his burghers began to give effect to this assurance by taking hostile action against the Free Staters around Brandfort, who had made their submission to Lord Roberts under the terms of his proclamation. Therefore, to protect those submissive burghers—for our Commander-in-Chief is a man of his word—as well as to secure certain strategical advantages, Lord Roberts determined to drive the Boers from a series of kopjes they had occupied near the Karee Siding, a few miles south of Brandfort, where the burghers were to be morally reinforced by the presence of Mr. Michael Davitt—and for this purpose pushed northward a detached force consisting of Tucker's 7th Division, a couple of cavalry brigades and Le Gallais's Mounted Infantry. The fight which ensued (on Thursday, March 29) again demonstrated the fact that modern arms create vast battlefields. The field had a front of ten to fifteen miles, making it excessively difficult to witness the fight intelligently or comprehend the movements of the forces, which took the form of a frontal attack by the infantry, while the cavalry on either flank engaged in a turning movement, with the usual result. "The ground



The four thousand prisoners taken when General Cronje surrendered at Paardeberg were divided into commandos after being brought in, and sat about in groups talking. The bulk of them seemed more pleased than distressed at the surrender. Our photograph is by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

AFTER THE BATTLE OF PAARDEBERG: BOER PRISONERS WAITING REMOVAL TO THE COAST



was very open, and the Boers from a detached kopje and a ridge were able to deliver a heavy fire on our men, a great portion of whom were receiving their baptism of fire. They behaved steadily, however, and moved as if on parade in face of the strong fusillade to which they were exposed. A large force of Australians took part in the attack, including the Australian Horse and the New South Wales Lancers. The Colonials displayed great coolness under fire—as did also the C.I.V.'s. This moved the admiration of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who, impelled by the same motive of curiosity as sent Goethe to experience the sensation of a battle at Velmy, went under fire with Colonel Le Gallais's brigade. Finally the Boers were driven back on Brandfort, but with a loss to us of 19 killed and 153 wounded.

#### A Disastrous Ambuscade

Two days later we suffered a much more serious loss which was absolutely without any counter-vailing off-set of any kind whatever. On March 28 we were exultantly told from Bloemfontein that "the military authorities had discovered half a million's worth of realisable securities in the military chest there;" but what was this in comparison with the loss of seven guns, a convoy of 100 waggons, and many valuable lives which fell to the debit account of Colonel Broadwood three days later—Saturday, March 31. Colonel Broadwood, in command of a flying column of cavalry and mounted infantry, with the due accompaniment of guns, had been away east towards the Basuto border at Thabanchu, whither, with Colonel Pilcher, of Sunnyside and Douglas fame, he had been sent by Lord Roberts to intercept, if possible, the Boers of Olivier and other commanders who were retreating from the Orange River before the advancing forces of Clements, Gatacre and Brabant. But in spite of all co-operation from the Basuto authorities, heliographing from Maseru, and other precautions, neither French nor Broadwood could succeed in "Sedanning" Olivier, as they had previously circumvented Cronje. Olivier has more of the eel in him than Cronje, who had unwisely sought to emulate the virtues of a lion at bay, and defly

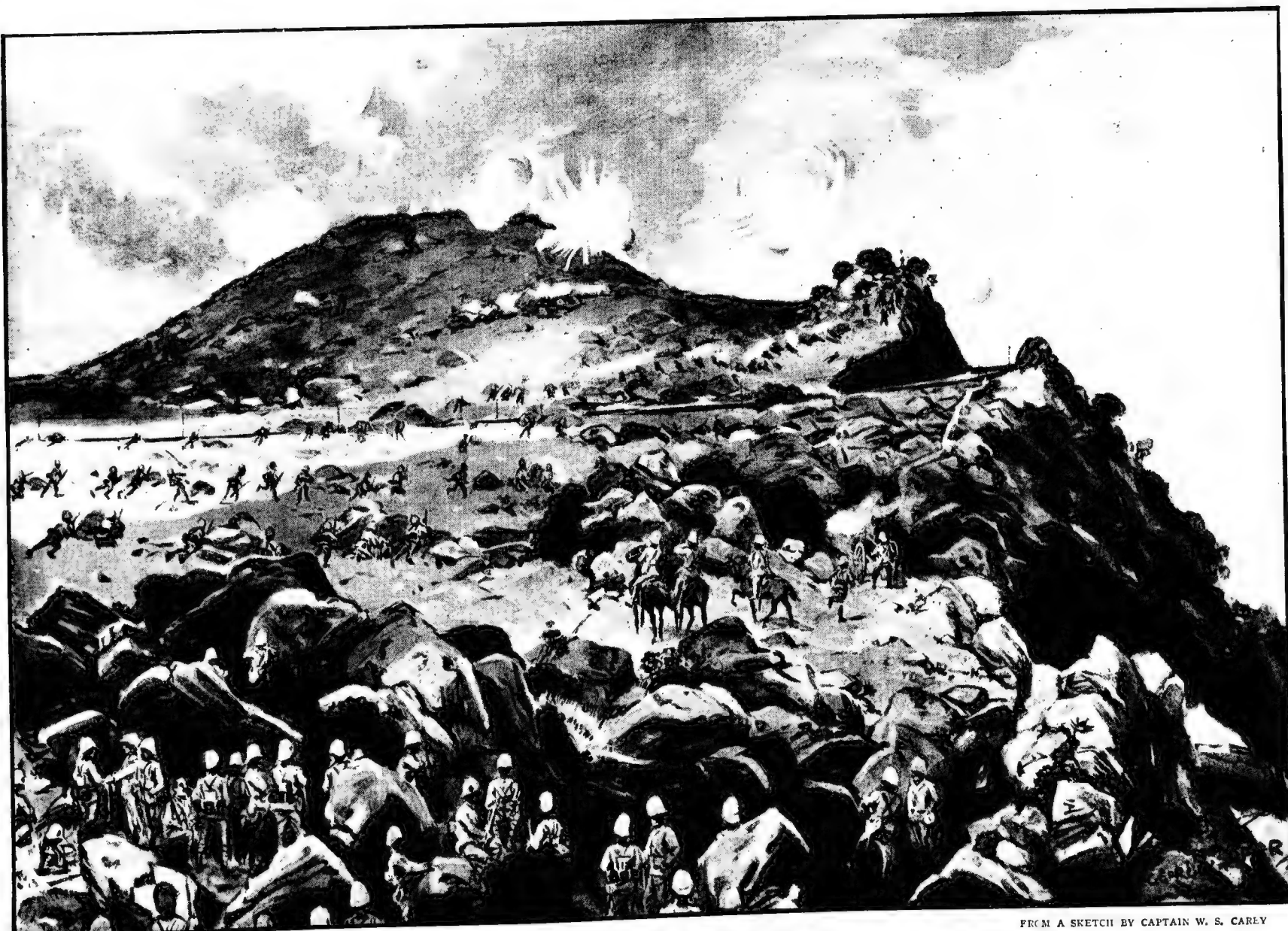


When our men entered the Boer laager after Cronje's surrender at Paardeberg, they found the encampment in a state of indescribable confusion, and in a very unsanitary condition. As soon as the military stores had been taken over by the authorities, the soldiers were allowed to take away anything that they cared to carry off. Our photograph is by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

#### IN THE BOER LAAGER AFTER THE SURRENDER AT PAARDEBERG

succeeded in giving our cavalry the go-by with all his long waggon trains, and French had now the mortification of returning to Bloemfontein, *re invicta*, as Cæsar would have written. Broadwood remained behind at Thabanchu, when he "suddenly" became aware of the threatening approach of two strong bodies of Boers, estimated at from 8,000 to 10,000, from the north and east. The marvel was that the approach of such a force of the enemy should have come upon a vigilant cavalry leader like Broadwood with the force of a great surprise, and that his scouts, who ought to have been spread out all round him like a fan, had failed to signalise the advent of such a large body of Boers, who, with their long waggon trains, must surely have presented a moving object of pretty considerable magnitude to the telescopes, if not to the naked

Bronkhorst Spruit, when the band was playing, have British troops been so disastrously befooled, cut up, and curtailed of all their belongings, including seven guns—five of Q and two of U Battery—which now brings up to twenty-three the number of guns we have lost to the Boers, namely, four at Nicholson's Nek, two at Stormberg, ten at Colenso, and seven at Koorn Spruit—making what are practically four batteries—while, as a set-off to this, we have only captured seven guns from the Boers. That the disaster was not more complete was only due to the splendid valour and steadiness of the men, who are still, thank God, of the same heroic stuff that formed the armies of Wellington, who used to say that, even if ever he got into a tight place, he could always rely upon his troops helping him out of it again.



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

This hill was the key of Ladysmith, and its capture made the relief certain. The Brigade passed to the foot of the hill, along the wooded left bank of the Tugela. Then it ascended over the steep and scrubby rear side, and saw immediately the Boer position before it. The 2nd West Yorkshire got round the right by the side, and saw immediately the Boer position before it. The guns on the south side of the Tugela path on to the kopje, and poured a hot fire into the Boer left flank. When the West Yorks' flank movement was completed, the kept up a continuous fire on the Boer positions. When the West Yorks' flank movement was completed, the South Lancashire Regiment and half the York and Lancaster advanced over the level top of the hill to the

railway crossing in loose open formation. Part of the West Yorks signalled to the guns to cease fire. All then joined in a simultaneous assault on the Boer position, which was carried. Some prisoners were taken, and the West Yorks took a machine gun of the enemy. When the troops advanced from the crest of the hill, they beheld the flat of the plain before them leading right up to Ladysmith. The Boers were seen retreating hastily over the plain

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN W. S. CAREY

#### THE TAKING OF LADYSMITH HILL BY KITCHENER'S BRIGADE AND THE WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT





DRAWN BY CLAUD SHEPPERSON

FROM A SKETCH BY AGNES M. JOHNSTON

A Correspondent writes from Pietermaritzburg:—"On the news of the relief of Ladysmith reaching here, a wave of gladness overtook everyone. Bells rang out, and at the railway station all the engines turned on their steam whistles. People ran out of their houses into the streets and sang for joy. For inquiries after those who had been shut up in the beleaguered town we had to wait for the arrival of someone from the place.

At length the first man from Ladysmith arrived. He was pestered with questions by crowds of women anxious to hear news of their men kind. There was a perfect chorus of "How's my husband?" and the poor man was glad to get out of the way, being quite embarrassed by the attention shown to him."

THE FIRST MAN TO ARRIVE FROM LADYSMITH: A SCENE IN MARITZBURG





When a truce was observed one Sunday recently at Mafeking, our men, sitting on the parapets, held friendly conversation with a detachment of the enemy. An enterprising photographer tried to get the group into focus, but the Boers were suspicious, and seemed to regard the camera as a machine that might possibly turn into a Maxim gun. Small parties appeared throughout the day, and friendly relations were maintained until dusk.

THE SIEGE OF MAFKING: A TRUCE ON SUNDAY

DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.





Our illustration, which is from a photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele, shows the country in which Cronje made his final struggle. In the centre winds the bed of the Modder River  
**WHERE CRONJE MADE HIS LAST STAND: THE DEATH TRAP AT PAARDEBERG**

## The Theatres

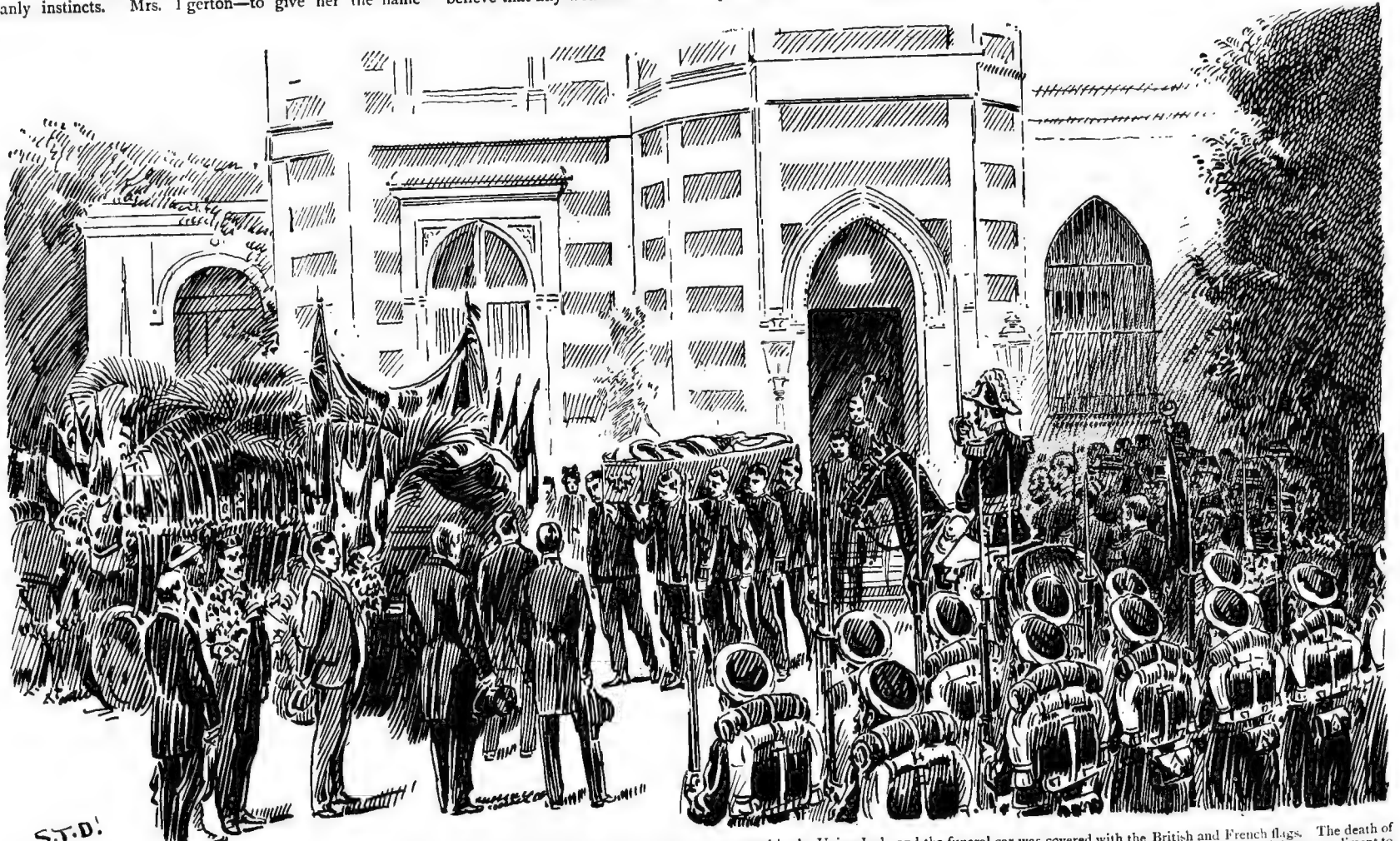
By W. MOY THOMAS

### "THE MAN OF FORTY"

THE defects in the story of Mr. Walter Frith's new play at the ST. JAMES'S are obvious, but skilful stagecraft will atone for many shortcomings, and the author of *The Man of Forty* has certainly contrived to evolve out of his primary idea a succession of dramatic situations which excite and interest the audience. Doubtless, the gravest fault is that the sympathy of the spectators is claimed for a heroine who appears to be curiously wanting in moral sense and womanly instincts. Mrs. Egerton—to give her the name

by which alone she is known in her circle—has had the misfortune to marry a scoundrel named Lewis Dunster, who has deserted her and is believed to have died abroad. In this position her beauty and misfortunes have touched the heart of Mr. Lee Fanshawe, M.P., a wealthy widower of the mature age of forty, who is only waiting for legal evidence of the death of the lady's missing husband to make her his wife. One day Fanshawe's daughter Elsie, to whom he is tenderly attached, and who has been sent with a *chaperon* on a sea voyage for the benefit of her health, returns, and it becomes known that she has formed an attachment to a fellow-passenger aboard ship calling himself Montgomery. The announcement is quickly followed by the appearance on the scene of this man, in whom Mrs. Egerton recognises at once her rascally husband. In such circumstances it is impossible to believe that any woman with ordinary feelings could fail to discern

the path of duty. Fanshawe has treated her with chivalrous affection. Even if she were disposed to leave him still under the belief that she is free to receive his addresses, could she possibly hesitate to warn him of the terrible peril in which his young and inexperienced daughter is placed? Of the daring unscrupulousness of the villain with whom she has to deal she has had a fresh proof in the fact that in spite of her relations with Fanshawe he is determined to pursue his bigamous project. He even threatens her, among other things, with a divorce suit—which, as he observes, will be very injurious to her lover's reputation—if she refuses to keep silent. But surely these are very weak excuses even for that temporary acquiescence which secures to her odious husband for awhile free access to Mr. Fanshawe's house. Mrs. Egerton, it is true, makes tardy reparation by finally revealing the true position of affairs, and thenceforth doing her best to defeat



S.T.D.

The body of Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart was removed on March 27 from Mustapha to Algiers, and deposited in the vaults of the English church pending its removal to England. The funeral procession included several detachments of troops, all the officers of the General Staff, and the Consular body. The chief mourners were his son, Captain Stewart; Mr. St. Hay Newton, the British Consul; General Grissot, commanding the 15th Army Corps; and Captain Leve, representing the Governor-General of Algeria. The coffin was

wrapped in the Union Jack, and the funeral car was covered with the British and French flags. The death of Sir Donald Stewart evoked much sympathy. The French military authorities paid the highest compliment to his memory in their power, and the municipal authorities, cordially supporting the military, suspended all traffic, while the populace lined the route in thousands, and everyone uncovered as the funeral car passed

**THE DEATH OF SIR DONALD STEWART: BEARING THE BODY TO THE CAR AT MUSTAPHA IN ALGIERS**  
From a Photograph by G. Kreutley, Algiers





MR. ARTHUR HUTTON  
Reuter's Correspondent, who escaped from  
Ladysmith during the siege



MAJOR-GENERAL G. T. PRETYMAN  
Military Governor of Bloemfontein



COMMANDANT OLIVIER  
The Free State General who evaded General  
French in his march north from the Orange River



LORD HERBERT SCOTT  
Who hoisted the British flag at Bloemfontein



COLONEL STEPHENSON  
Appointed to Command the 18th Brigade

a conspiracy for deceiving Fanshawe with forged evidences of her husband's death. A convenient attack of heart disease finally removes her persistent persecutor, and thus, Fanshawe being willing to take Mrs. Egerton, as the auctioneers say, "with all faults," the way is paved for a happy ending. As will have been seen, the story savours more of stage convention than of fresh observation of life; but the situations, as we have said, are dramatic, the various personages are cleverly drawn, and the dialogue is sprightly and amusing. Mr. George Alexander imparts to the portrait of the calm, easy-going, but warm-hearted and chivalrous Fanshawe the necessary firmness of outline, and Miss Julie Opp plays the somewhat trying part of Mrs. Egerton with much earnestness and charm. Mr. H. B. Irving "doubles," as the players say, the part of Lewis Dunster, the rascally adventurer, and that of his excellent brother, Roger, who, by one of those coincidences which the stage is very fruitful in, happens to be Fanshawe's private secretary; but though his changes are marked by much subtlety and cleverness, it is not easy to see that the story gains anything from the supposed marvellous resemblance between the two personages. Miss Fay Davis is always welcome, but even this delightful actress necessarily fails to inspire much interest in the wayward Elsie, who so perversely prefers the scoundrel, Lewis Dunster, to her brave military adorer, Captain Garner. Other parts allotted to Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Esmé Beringer, Miss Granville, Mr. Alfred Bonnin, and Mrs. Maesmore Morris, though less prominent factors in the working out of the story, contribute much to the amusement of the audience and materially help to secure the success of the play.

At the EMPIRE Theatre a most interesting and novel entertainment is now being given by the Streator American Zouaves, who claim for themselves the distinction of being the "Champion Drill Team of the World." Sixteen performers, clad in Zouave uniforms, go through their drill with a precision as remarkable

as it is rapid. They execute, too, a number of evolutions, always at the double, in signally effective manner. Pyramids are likewise formed, and the final performance of the team is to scale a wall presenting an absolutely smooth face. When the signal is given to take the fortress, some of these agile warriors, quickly clambering on to the rifles held over their comrades' heads, spring like cats to the summit of the wall, and, drawing themselves up and over, stretch out a hand to aid their companions below. In an incredibly short space of time the whole team have accomplished their task. At a moment when everything military is in favour, these finished performers—who, it is said, have taken some three years to reach their present standard of perfection—will certainly be popular favourites.

### At the Front

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE TYNDAL PRETYMAN, Royal Artillery, C.B., who is now the Military Governor of Bloemfontein, joined the Royal Artillery in 1865. His first service was in the Afghan War of 1878-80, when he was aide-camp to Sir Frederick Roberts. He was present at the capture of the Peiwar Kotal, and in all the operations in the Koorum and Khost Valleys. He was mentioned in the despatches of that campaign. In 1879 he took part in the advance on and occupation of Cabul, and was present at the engagement of Charasiah. He accompanied Sir Frederick Roberts in the march to Kandahar, and was present at the battle of Kandahar. He was again mentioned in the despatches, and received brevets of major and lieutenant-colonel for his services. In 1892 he was in command of the 1st Brigade serving in the Isazai Expedition. In December last Major-General Pretymman was Commandant at Headquarters in South Africa, and he has accompanied his old chief, Lord Roberts, during the campaign for the relief of Kimberley, and the march to Bloemfontein. It was General Pretymman who went out with a small escort to meet

General Cronje on his surrender. Our portrait is by Duffus Bros., Cape Town.

Lord Herbert Scott is the officer who followed Lord Roberts on his entry into Bloemfontein bearing the silken Union Jack worked by Lady Roberts, in one corner of which a four-leaved shamrock had been embroidered. With the aid of Commander the Hon. S. J. Fortescue, R.N., he bent the flag to the halyard, and, amid hurrahs, ran the Union Jack up over the town of Bloemfontein, Captain Lord Herbert Andrew Montagu-Douglas Scott is the fourth son of the Duke of Buccleuch, and was born in 1872. He is Captain in the 3rd Battalion Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment). Some of the telegrams stated erroneously that the flag was hoisted by his younger brother, Lord Francis George Scott, who is a lieutenant in the same regiment. Our portrait is from a private photograph, published by arrangement with Mr. T. Kemp, Dalkeith.

Colonel Stephenson has been given the command of the 18th Brigade, 6th Division. He completed four years in command of the 1st Essex on September 16, and received an extension of command of six months. He has entered the Staff College and is an interpreter of Turkish. Our portrait is by J. Thomson, South Kensington.

Commandant Olivier is the Boer Commander who, after operating in the South of the Free State opposing the British advance across the Orange River, succeeded at the last moment in escaping with his command to the north along the Basutoland frontier, in spite of elaborate attempts to cut off his retreat. He retreated by way of Ladybrand, and very possibly some of his men have been engaged in the recent manoeuvres which resulted in one of our convoys falling into an ambushade with disastrous results.

Mr. Arthur Hutton was Reuter's special correspondent at Ladysmith, and was successful in making his escape through the Boer lines. Our portrait is by J. E. Middlebrook, Durban.

Gun Hill

Lombard's Kop

Bulwana

Pieters



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.L.

On the night of February 28 the naval guns from Ladysmith fired at the epaulement of "Long Tom" on Bulwana, at intervals of a quarter of an hour. It was hoped that by this means the enemy might be prevented removing the gun. The effect of 4.7 in. shells bursting on the top was most weird. The night was

as dark as pitch, and suddenly a huge pillar of flame would light up the whole sky, and Bulwana, Lombard's Kop and Gun Hill would for a moment stand silhouetted against the horizon

FROM A SKETCH BY LIONEL JAMES

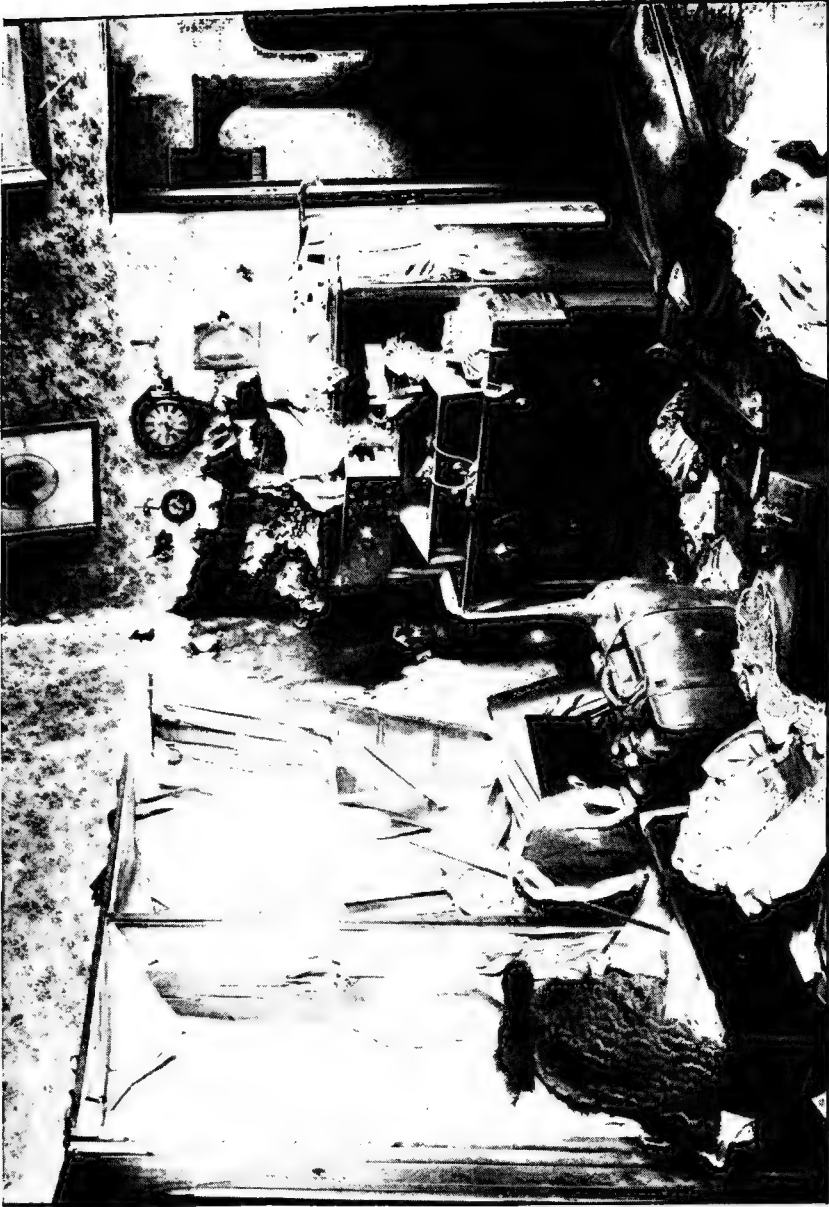
A NIGHT EFFECT: SHELLS FROM OUR NAVAL GUNS BURSTING ON BULWANA IN THE DARK





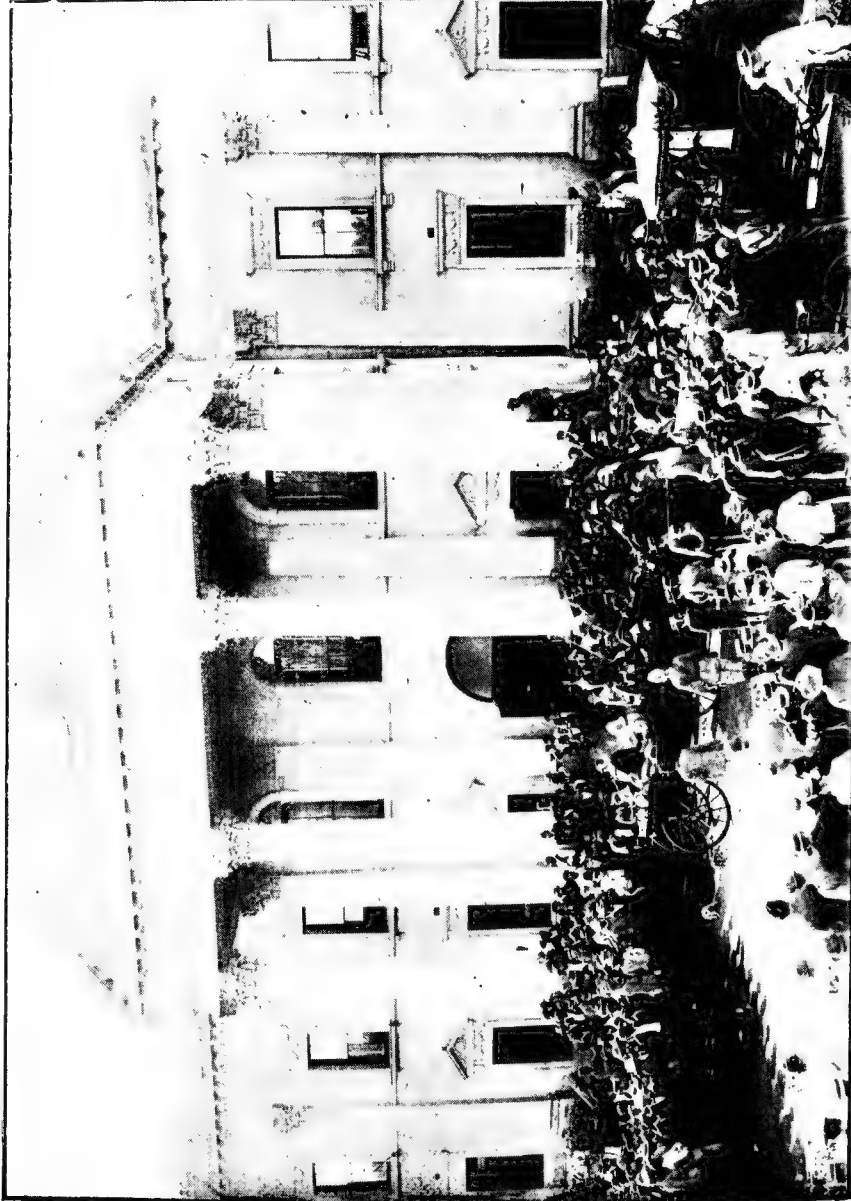
As the Boer fire was constantly directed on the residential part of the town, efforts had to be made to protect the house, as much as possible. Our illustration shows a typical shelter at a house in Belgravia, Kimberley, made of bags full of soil with a 4-in. iron plate for a roof. Our photograph is by F. H. Hancox, Kimberley

HOW A SHELL SHELTER WAS MADE AT KIMBERLEY



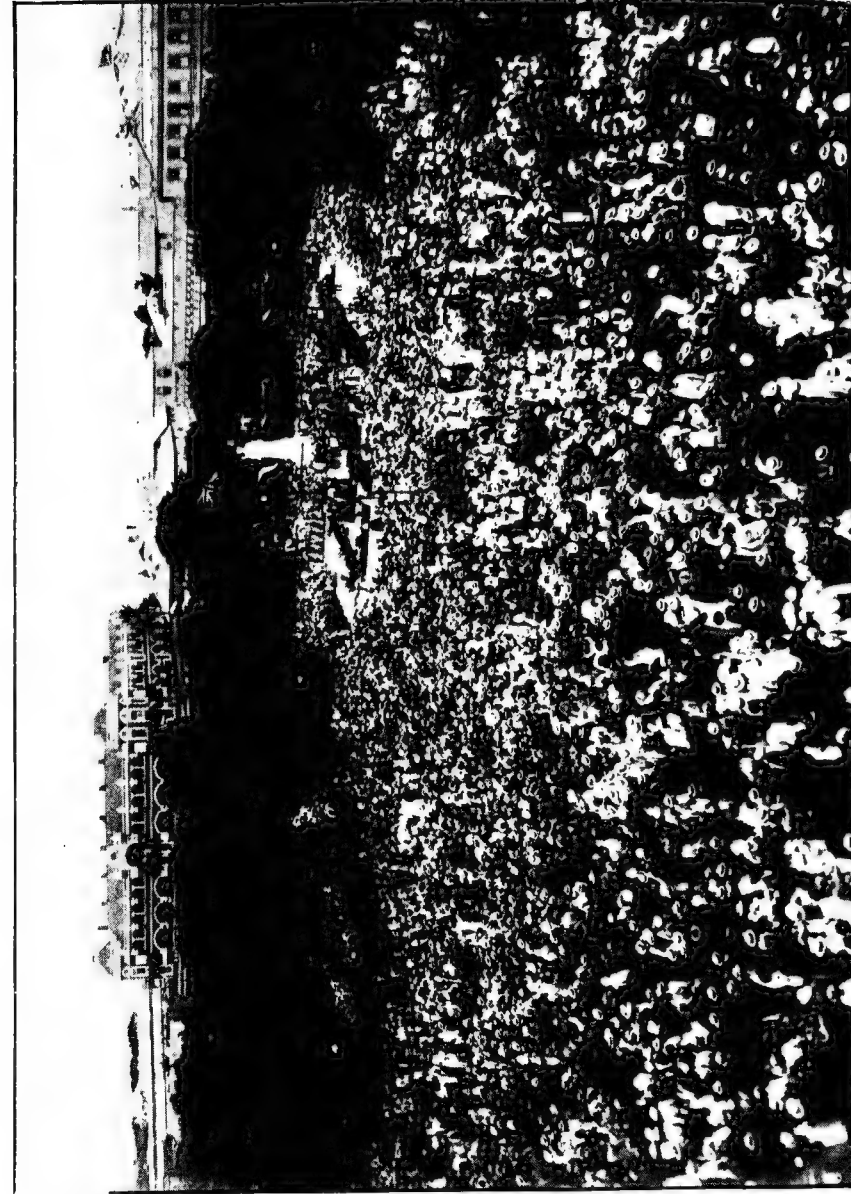
Mr. Wallace McCallum's house is situated between the Kimberley Road and the Modder. During the siege Mr. McCallum was shut up in the town, while his wife and family had been exposed to the insults and boycott of the Boers. The house was used by Cronje's force partly as a shelter and partly to draw the fire of our artillery on it to revenge themselves on Mr. McCallum for his pronounced British sympathies. Our photograph is by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

THE INTERIOR OF MR. McCALLUM'S HOUSE SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF SHRAPNEL FIRE



Lord Roberts visited Kimberley on March 1. In the afternoon a reception was given to him and Lord Kitchener at the Town Hall. The building was packed, and outside there was a large crowd, who saw the Commander-in-Chief and his staff. Our illustration is by F. H. Hancox, Kimberley. The photograph is by F. H. Hancox, Kimberley

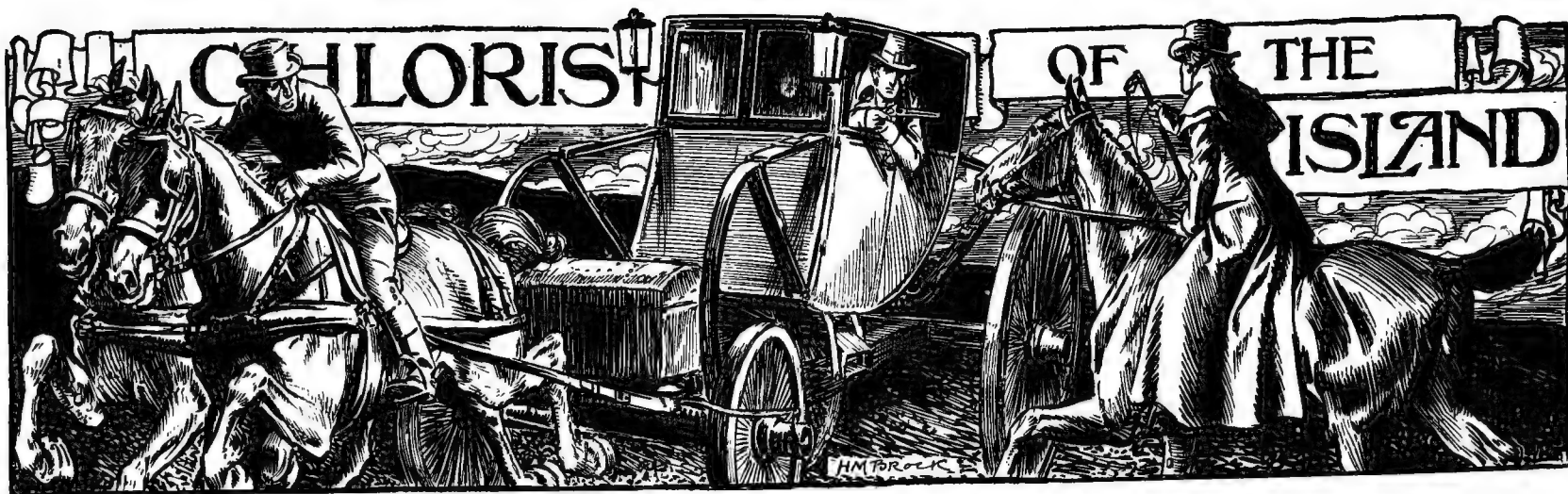
THE TOWN HALL



In Durban there was great delight at the news that Ladysmith had been relieved. There had been a large gathering of people in the town, and the bells were ringing, and guns firing, from the warships in the harbour, and various other things. The photograph is by F. H. Hancox, Durban

Celebrating the Relief of Ladysmith at Durban





By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. Illustrated by C. E. and H. M. BROCK

## CHAPTER I.

### WHAT HAPPENED IN THE THREE FEATHERS

In the month of May, of the year 1805, a chaise was travelling at a great rate across the rude moorland between Feldway and the sea. The two horses were kept at a fast trot, and broke now and then into a canter under the whips of the postillion, so that the carriage rocked and pitched over the stony ground, and the occupants rolled from side to side and jostled one another within the body of the coach. One of these was a young man, most elegantly dressed in the height of fashion.

over him, rascal. The lady and I must reach the port to-night ere twelve."

So saying, he pulled to the door and the chaise rattled on at a sharper pace even than before. The young man looked out of the window. "Faith, he said, "this looks like the high-toby, Dolly. I will blow a hole in the scoundrel. Hang me, if Sir George shall take me now—not if I have to eat a dozen of his rascals."

He primed his pistol and loosened the sword by his side. "D'ye think I'm not fit for one—or a dozen, Dolly?" he continued, with a perceptible swagger in his voice. "The deuce take me, but I will bring down a brace at one shot. By the Lord, he moves, and is forward to attack us. No doubt he has some fellows behind him.

"Aye, 'tis Dorothy. Come out, sweetheart, and let Mr Warburton see you. He is my very old friend, as you have heard."

The girl stepped diffidently from the chaise, and the three stood in the rising light of the moon. Warburton made a sweeping curtsy, which she acknowledged as deliberately.

"You are bound for the port, Shirley?" asked Warburton.

"That is so," said Shirley. "We are bowling along for Redmouth, and must fetch there by midnight when the boat sails."

"Whither do you go?" inquired Warburton, after a silence.

Shirley laughed as though tickled by a sense of his wisdom. "Why, to London!" he answered, "the last place we shall be looked for. I'll be bound Sir George will not suspect London. He will hunt the country and go north. He will keep his eye on Gretna Green. My faith, we'll plague him."

"Sir George Everett is a shrewd man," remarked Warburton, and stared at the girl whose face was ill-revealed in that fine thin light. "It is a grave thing to abduct a ward in Chancery," he said in his slower voice. "Have you considered what you are risking, Miss Holt?"

"Damme, Warburton, I will have none of these croakings," interposed Shirley angrily. "D'ye suppose she wants to listen to an old raven like you? You shall not pervert her."

"Zounds, man, I wish to pervert no one," said the other with a laugh. "You need not fly out on me. I am here only to bid you God-speed. I wish you happiness and Miss Holt too. I intended to catch you."

"You've a good heart, Roger," said his friend, as swiftly veering in his mood. "Hang it, you shall ride along with us and see us despatched. What's this I see yonder? Why, 'tis a light in the window."

"'Tis a wayside tavern," said Warburton.

"Gad, then, you shall toast Dolly and drink to our luck. Come along. Those fools will not be on our track. I will have you drink to us."

Warburton good-humouredly followed the impetuous fellow, and,



"Shirley fell heavily against the table and came to the floor"

"The devil!" said he, as he was thrown against his companion; and he laid his arms about her. "Dorothy, you repent not?" he asked tenderly. "Tell me, my love, that you are happy. Faith, I would have you saying so all day."

"Yes," she murmured, "I am happy, yet I fear."

"Pooh!" said he, "what should you fear? I am with you, and a match for any half-dozen rogues. Let me tell you this, sweetheart—"

But at this moment, ere he could proceed further with his reassurance, the chaise came to a pause sharply.

"Why, the devil! What are you about, fool?" cried the young man in a fury, and, flinging open the door, he abused the postillion roundly.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man humbly enough, "but knowing you were flying the law, I thought I'd mention that there stands a horseman yonder."

"Gad, so it is," cried his master in alarm, "but, p oh! one man! D'ye think he has cut us off, Payne? He may have others with him. He stands by the cross-roads. There's his face against the moon, confound him. Well, what do I care? Drive on, and drive

Now's my chance fallen to me. Duck your head, Dolly dear, and I will settle his account."

With these words he threw open the window and laid his pistol across the woodwork. The horseman, who was at rest some twenty paces away on the cross-road, suddenly dug his heels into the nag and came with a cry towards the coach.

"Stand off, by Heaven, or I will send you to the other place," shouted the young man.

The horseman reined in quickly and broke into laughter. "You hot colt, Jack!" said he. "Put up your toy. I am no fly-by-night, nor yet an officer of the law."

The coach came sharply to a stop, at an eager command from the young man, and he leaped forth ere the wheels had ceased to roll.

"Hang me, Roger, but you should have had a bullet in your stomach in another five seconds. What brings you here? You never were closer death. I can't brook to be stopped now. But I'm devilish glad to see you. See, I've done the trick; I've put out the trump. Here she is, pretty girl."

"Is this Miss Holt?" asked the new-comer.



"The Innkeeper . . . repeated with a helpless humility that this was his only guest-room"



leaving his horse in charge of the postilion, entered after the girl and her lover. They came into a cosy little room, and sat to a rude table, Shirley ordering port wine and brandy.

He was a good looking, very young and eager fellow, of middle height, with dark glancing eyes, and a strong complexion. Warburton, on the other hand, who was some seven-and-twenty years, stood very tall and broader, and was wholly of another cast. He had the brown English hair, and his eyes were indefinite, betwixt grey and blue, bright and sharp as steel. His face was of a particular healthiness, and somewhat tenderly shaped, save for the jaw, which was large, harsh and dominant. The whole aspect of his face was that of strength, even of brutality, yet he carried with him an air of good-temper, even to the point of patience. His actions were as deliberate as the gaze which he now fastened upon his friend's companion.

What he looked on was a slim and delicate creature of some nineteen years, neither high nor low in stature, but properly modulated in her figure. It was in her colour that she showed so delicate, which was of a soft golden-pink, that stole to and fro of her cheeks with her emotions. Her eyes were wide blue, and her tresses, gathered in the pretty ostentatious fashion of that time, were golden brown and crimped. The fine features of her countenance sparkled with light and faded, as an ember glows and cools, in turn. Her looks were infinitely seductive, and changed and wavered, breaking in a score of embarrassments under Warburton's gaze. His eyes left her face slowly, and as if for the first time conscious of their boldness, and strayed leisurely down her body, from the high girdle at her bosom along the yellow silken gown. Then he lifted his glass.

"I drink luck to Miss Holt," said he in his deep voice.

"Hang you, to me, Roger also," said Shirley impulsively; "you shall not drink to her alone. She is miss now, but she shall be mistress to-morrow; stab me, she shall."

"Why, where are your manners, Jac?" laughed Warburton. "D'ye think I am going to couple you with this pretty figure? You may couple yourself, not I. I own to a jealousy against it."

He laughed loudly and good-naturedly, as though he saw unusual humour in his jest. But Shirley leaped to his feet in a passion of rage, crying with an oath:

"What! Would you make eyes at her under my very nose?" he cried, red as a turkey cock. "I will teach you a lesson in manners. I see now why you pursued me so far, you with your pretences of friendship. But, Gad, you are found out, and I will cut out your false heart."

"Peace, silly fool," said Warburton sternly. "You are like a pistol at half-cock that flies off anyhow. You insult this lady. She turns colour at your insinuations, and if there were time and place it is I that would teach you a lesson. But, faith, we are a sorry wedding party. I have given you my toast, and I add to it your name, Jack, you fool. Here 'tis; and now I will drink it myself. To your fortune and happiness, and confusion to Miss Dolly's guardian!"

"Bravo!" cried Shirley, every symptom of his fury fled, and now laughing gaily.

The girl shifted her eyes under Warburton's glance and the pink flooded her golden-white cheeks. There was vanity in that face, thought Warburton, and there was cleverness; but there was timidity also. He drained his glass and set it down.

"This brandy paid no taxes," said he; "'tis a good omen that you also shall deceive the law."

Shirley swaggered out of the tavern laughing, and presently they were again upon the road. The way was now descending from the high bare moorland into a long and broken combe, sheltered with the great walls of the hills upon each side, and black and ragged with woods. The trees sought the cover of these close valleys from the wildness of the sea-winds, and here they grew rankly, full of leaf and blossom in this rich May weather. The road had narrowed, forming but a track cut through a thicket, and fenced from the bottom below by a hedge of thorn. The sky above was plunged in darkness, as the clouds ran over the moon, and at the same time the noise of voices came from behind like a clap on Warburton's ears.

"Jack, they're on you," says he, shouting through the window, and urged on the horses himself with a stroke of his whip.

The chaise increased its speed, rattling and shrieking on its axles, while the postilion shouted and plied his whip; but the sounds drew nearer from the rear, and the padding of horses at a fast gallop was now audible in concert with the human voices. It was evident that the runaways would be overtaken.

"'Tis no use," cried Warburton above the noises. "You have no hope, Jack, to outstrip them."

"I have a pistol, damn 'em," shouted the other.

"What, you fool," remonstrated his friend, "you would proceed to that extremity. You will be hanged. Here they come. Sit still, you blockhead."

As he spoke there was the thunder of hoofs upon them, and out of the blackness emerged three horses abreast, their noses to the earth, their feet flashing and pounding in that fierce descent. The moon had broken out of her bondage, and lit a clear space of sky, throwing of a sudden these furious riders into relief. The chaise, which was still running quickly, was pulled sharply to the side by the postilion in order to avoid the onset; the horses backed in alarm upon the verge of the road, which here was unguarded by any fence or hedge. Three figures broke forth into the brightness, and drove upon them.

"By Heaven, what are you doing?" demanded Warburton angrily, and his chestnut, struck in that headlong passage, swerved and stumbled among the horses of the chaise. "The devil take you!" he cried, as with a noise of ringing laughter the riders swept by and plunged forth right into the pitch darkness of the steeps beyond.

The chestnut reared and flung out his feet, and the chaise backed and toppled, threatening to roll over the edge into the valley below. But Warburton sprang from his seat swiftly among the struggling horses, and, seizing them by the reins, dragged them partly by force and partly by round oaths and cajolery into the road again. The imminent danger was over, and he came out of the medley of legs, holding his left arm. Shirley had sprung out of the carriage, and now met him.

"What's the matter?" he cried anxiously.

"A kick from my own nag, the fool," said Warburton breathing hastily. "He should know me by this time."

"By Heaven, I would teach these gentry manners, had I the chance," declared Shirley furiously.

Warburton stared down the road into the darkness, rubbing his forearm. "There was a woman with 'em," he said musingly.

"The more shame upon her!" said Shirley.

"'Tis the Carmichaels," interposed the postilion, speaking now for the first time.

"And who the deuce may they be?" inquired Warburton.

"They're a considerable family hereabouts," explained the man, "and upon Lynsea."

Warburton made no answer, but approached the chaise, putting in his head. "I trust you are not incommoded, Miss Holt," said he politely, "nor too greatly alarmed. 'Twas nothing save some uncivil riders."

"Damme, I thought 'twas Sir George at last," said Shirley with a laugh. "Confound those Carmichaels! I am in a sweat to keep my fingers on the trigger. Where are we, Payne?"

"At the bottom of the combe lies Marlock, and 'tis but a walk to the sea thence," said the postilion.

"Marlock!" said Miss Dorothy in surprise, "why, 'tis here Sir George has a house."

"What!" cried Shirley laughing. "'Twould serve him finely if we set ourselves up there. Hark! I hear the water," he went on abruptly; "I smell the sea. By heaven, Dolly, we are within an hour of the harbour and safety. None can take you thence." He consulted a large gold watch under the moon. "What's o'clock? Why, 'tis early yet, and we shall take some food together ere we move further. We have eaten nothing these six hours since we left Feldway. Payne, drive on."

They renewed the descent of the combe, and shortly after the chaise drew up before an inn, from which swung the sign of the "Three Feathers."

The room into which they came next was long and low in the ceiling, with a black oaken wainscot; and two tables were spread there, one at each end, with a space of some twelve feet between them. On the threshold of the door Shirley, who was leading the party, stopped with an ejaculation of disgust.

"What! There are guests here already," he exclaimed. "Landlord, can you not find us another chamber?"

The innkeeper, who was at their heels, repeated with a helpless humility that this was his only guest-room. "But they will not interfere with you," he added hastily; "they are gentlefolk, like yourselves."

Impatiently Shirley strode into the room, and the eyes of the two men at the table next the door rose to his and fastened them with undisguised indifference. A woman, who was seated in a deep chair before the fire, did not so much as turn her head.

"Go on, Nick," says the younger of these two men, helping himself to a generous glass of brandy. "What did you when the mare slipped?"

The man addressed still stared at the strangers out of his bold eyes. He was over Warburton's age, as tall, but slighter, and in every other particular in contrast with him. Black was his hair, and stark and black was his aspect, his face of a hardened swarthinness; and the only character in that face that spoke not of foreign blood was the greyness of the eyes.

Shirley and his party seated themselves at the further table, and in no good-humour the young man gave his order, calling for a flagon of Madeira. By this time the younger man at the first table had recognised the presence of Miss Holt, and was gazing at her with interest, even with admiration. His mouth dropped open in his unconscious wonder to see her there, and then he looked at his companion with a smile. He cracked a walnut with his fingers and threw it at the fire with a gesture of disgust.

"Bah, Tremayne," he said, "you've buried then too long."

"Aye, sir, assented the innkeeper, "'tis late for them."

Warburton eyed the pair with curiosity. They were both tall, and the one was as fair as the other was dark. Both were dressed with taste, and some distinction picked them out. Both faces were at that moment directed upon his table, and he observed with surprise that out of eyes of the same colour sprang two very diverse expressions, the one defiant, lowering, the other gay, debonnaire and kindly. If these were brothers, as a nameless resemblance seemed to suggest, they were discriminated by a marvellous incongruity.

The two resumed their conversation and their drinking; and presently Shirley and his lady and his friend were engaged upon their supper. Under the influence of the wine and food Shirley recovered, and laughed and talked a good deal. At both tables there was much liquor drunk, but the two strangers were drinking brandy. Presently the younger called out in a louder voice.

"Sis, you'd best sip of a glass," he said, addressing the woman in the chair. "Come, sis, be not foolish. You will be sensible of the cold."

She paid no heed, and he swore a little, laughing, but resumed his talk with Nick. Presently the girl rose from before the fire, and, walking leisurely to the door, went forth, her face undetermined in the low lights of the room. As if some reins were thus relaxed, of a sudden the two brothers' merriment broke out noisily. They had drunk a great deal of spirit, and showed no signs of abating; and now the effects of these potations came to be manifest, particularly in the younger. The talk swelled so loud that Warburton could scarcely catch what was said at his table, and Shirley, who was constantly dipping his nose in the Madeira, glanced up angrily and scowled. As it chanced, this ugly look was noticed by the younger of the brothers, who jumped quickly to his feet.

"I trust we do not incommode you, sir," said he with a fine bow.

"You do—damnably," said Warburton shortly and coolly.

"That I should be unwilling to think, seeing the presence of this lady," pursued the other easily. "Gad, I am a chatterbox, madam, and I must hear my own voice."

"Get you back; you are drunk," cried Shirley furiously; "you insult this lady."

"Leave them be, Philip, we have no time," called out his brother impatiently.

Philip made another bow. "Gad, you are frank," he said lightly, but speaking in a somewhat uncertain voice. "I may be drunk, but I know my manners, and better than to charge the offence upon a gentleman in the face of a lady."

Shirley made a movement to rise, but Warburton's strong fist were upon his arm.

"Peace, you hot-blood," he answered, "you said yourself you are tipsy."

The stranger walked back to his table, picking his way with a mixture of dignity and diffidence, but his brother uttered under his breath, and rang loudly on the bell for the innkeeper.

"Another bottle, Tremayne," he said curtly.

"Certainly, sir; certainly Mr. Carmichael," returned the subserviently.

"Did you hear?" cried Shirley in the act of lifting his glass. "Carmichael was what he said, Warburton. Stab me, I wish they that drove against us. Here, landlord," he called, "what was it you called just now? Was it Carmichael?"

"Hush, sir; yes, sir," said Tremayne in a low voice, casting a glance of fear towards the other table.

"Damn me, man, d'ye suppose I care for your terrors?" Shirley flying out. "I am glad to know 'em, that's all. I have something to settle with 'em."

"If you sit not down, Jack, I will break your neck," Warburton in his ears. "You should be ashamed of yourself. Miss Holt here. Contain yourself."

Shirley flung off the arm which detained him. "Hands off! 'Tis the second time you have set me back. I will have it out of these Carmichaels," he said quite loudly, for he was now in the wine.

At the sound of their own name the Carmichaels looked up, and a curious hard smile moved upon Nicholas Carmichael's face. Warburton was vaguely aware that behind that furtive sneer was latent some strenuous emotion, but the man spoke calmly enough.

"Well, sir, and what want you with the Carmichaels?" asked.

Shirley rose to his feet. "'Twas you rode us down," he said angrily, "and I would wish you to know how I think of you."

"Ah, 'twas you then in the runaway chaise, was it?" said Nicholas Carmichael. "Hang me if you should not have been spared if we had known you carried so handsome a lady."

Shirley spoke with a laugh, and his manner was even more insolent than his words. Drink had bred in him a black passion. Philip Carmichael sat across his chair, in his long and fashionable coat, giggling foolishly.

Holding Shirley back by force, Warburton spoke with command. "Sir, you were best to withdraw. You are not fit for a lady's presence."

Nicholas Carmichael turned his gaze on him, and deliberately lifted his glass.

"I will propose you a pretty toast," he said, "the prettiest toast in England, by God; and there she stands." He got no further, for Shirley, drawing his sword, sprang out upon him.

"You base-born lout!" he cried, and his weapon clashed upon Nicholas Carmichael's.

"Hold, gentlemen, hold," cried Warburton in a loud voice. "There is a lady here. Cease, if you have any shame."

"By the Lord, Nick, that's true," exclaimed Philip Carmichael, suddenly sobering. "Put up, Nick, you tiger."

But these interpositions were of no avail, for both men had drunk deeply, and each was swollen with anger. At the first onset Shirley's point, carrying all before its vehemence, struck into the flesh of his opponent's arm. Carmichael drew back, his dark face coloured, and his eyes shining like grey wolves, he hurled himself in his passion upon the youth. His sword flew over the guard like a streak of fire; Shirley dodged and wavered, threw up his hands, and then he fell heavily against the table and came to the floor.

"My God! what's this?" cried Philip Carmichael, now wholly sobered.

Warburton sprang forward. "You have killed him!" said he furiously. "A foul deed to take a lad's life!"

The room was well-nigh in darkness, save for the fire, for the candles had been overturned in that fatal fall. Nicholas Carmichael made no reply, and his features were working still, unrecovered from the frenzy. The innkeeper was shaking like a wand and crying out. Warburton stooped over the body and fingered at the breast. As he did so the door opened and the girl, who had previously gone out, returned, carrying a light above her head.

"What is this?" she asked. "Why are you in darkness?" her eyes paused on the group and the body.

Warburton's attention momentarily strayed to the new voice, he beheld, rising out of the pale light of the candle and set up tall figure, a full, white face, about which gleamed red-brown hair. The firelight flashed upon a dull green habit, and a three-cornered velvet hat that crowned the head. These impressions he retained afterwards; at the moment he took in nothing save a new presence.

"What is this?" she repeated wondering.

Nicholas Carmichael turned. "'Tis nothing, Chloris," said he harshly, "save that someone has been speaking ill of the Carmichaels and has been punished."

She stared, and uttered a little trivial laugh of scorn.

"They will learn wisdom in time," she said.

"Get away, Nick, get away," said Philip Carmichael earnestly.

"I tell you, you are best away."

He was looking at Warburton anxiously, who still bent over his friend.

When Roger Warburton looked up he met the eyes of Dorothy Holt. She stared at him, white, stricken, and bewildered, and choked on a sob.

"He is dead for sure," he said quietly, and, turning suddenly, ran out of the door, through which the Carmichaels had already departed.

When he reached the street the Carmichaels were already on horseback, and the innkeeper was crying out to them that they had ruined him, and that this affray would be terrible news in the countryside.

"'Tis all right, old cock," laughed Philip Carmichael out of the darkness, for he seemed to have resumed his equable gaiety. "You know where we are to be found."

"Ah, 'tis a grave matter, Mr. Philip," cried the frightened landlord.

"Well, well, set it down in the bill, Tremayne," called Philip indifferently as he launched his horse down the street.



Warburton had sprang into the roadway with a stretch of his long legs, and came now among the Carmichaels. They turned and struck away from the inn, and in a great gust of indignation and fury he grasped wildly at the reins of the horse nearest him.

"Come down! Come down;" he shouted. His hands fumbling in the night came upon a woman's skirt, and as the horse plunged forward, simultaneously the knob of a heavy whip struck on his face. He let go the bridle and stood in the road gazing into the blackness, through which the Carmichaels were galloping for the sea, as though his physical sight might follow after them and reach them, while gout of blood unnoticed trickled from his cheekbone and drenched his cravat. Then he turned on his heel and walked back to the Three Feathers.

(To be continued)

Victims of the War

LIEUTENANT HARRY DYSON SELOUS, of the 2nd Bedfordshire Regiment, killed in the fighting near Paardeberg on the 18th ult., was born in 1873, and entered the Army in 1894. Our portrait is by Heath, Plymouth.

Lieutenant Claude Harington Hinton, 2nd Battalion East Surrey Regiment, who was killed in action during the advance

Captain R. H. Girdwood, of the 3rd Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, was mortally wounded on February 12 at Mafeking. Colonel Baden-Powell, in a message sent out from Mafeking dated February 15, detailing the pushing forward of the enemy's trenches, stated that Captain Raymond Girdwood, Customs Officer, died of a bullet wound on the 14th. Captain Girdwood was the youngest son of the late James Girdwood, J.P., of Clonaver, Belfast.

Captain Herbert Scholfield Sykes, of the 2nd Battalion the Royal Scots Fusiliers, was killed during the advance to Ladysmith. He joined his regiment in 1888, and obtained his captaincy in 1894. Our portrait is by Wyrall and Son, Aldershot.

Lieutenant the Hon. Edward Hugh Lygon, of the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, who was killed in the unfortunate little affair near Bloemfontein, when a small party of officers rode out of camp and came into conflict with a Boer troop, was the second son of Frederick, sixth Earl Beauchamp, late Lord Steward and Paymaster-General, by his first wife, Lady Mary Catherine Stanhope, daughter of the fifth Earl Stanhope, and brother and heir presumptive to the present Earl Beauchamp, Governor of New South Wales. He was born on July 17, 1873, and from 1892 till June, 1894, was a lieutenant in the 3rd and 4th Battalion (Militia) of the Worcestershire Regiment, whence he passed into the Grenadier Guards. He obtained his lieutenancy on November 27, 1897, and was appointed adjutant of the 3rd Battalion on November 24, 1899. He was wounded near the Modder River in November last, while his half-brother, the Hon. Robert Lygon, also of the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, was wounded at Belmont on November 23.

The flying machines at least will only be a source of danger to those using them, but the automobile, as it is run in Paris, is rapidly becoming a public danger. The hundreds of vehicles of which Paris boasts go tearing through the city at a breakneck pace to the danger of the lives of its lieges. Fourteen kilometres is supposed to be the extreme limit of speed allowed, but most of the *chauffeurs* seem unable to distinguish between fourteen kilometres and forty. The police are helpless, and can only gaze after the vehicle in its meteoric flight. Driving an automobile seems, too, to develop human arrogance, at least in Paris. The foot-passenger is regarded as an individual who interferes with the free exercise of the sport, and his rights, such as he has, are being daily encroached on.

The latest example of this was the experience a day or two ago of M. Daniel Berthelot, the son of the celebrated chemist and ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. Berthelot was out riding on his bicycle, near Versailles, when, at a narrow part of the road, a large automobile, going like an express train, charged him. He had just time to fling himself off his machine, which the vehicle promptly smashed to atoms. M. Berthelot sprang on the steps of the automobile and demanded the name of the owner. This was refused, and when he bent down to try and read the name on the *plaque* all such vehicles must carry, the driver struck him a blow in the face with his fist. Fortunately for M. Berthelot a number of cyclists had by this time arrived, and as they showed signs of making a demonstration of a somewhat vigorous character, the occupants of the automobile finally consented to give their names. M. Hugues Le Roux, the well-known journalist, who had



LIEUTENANT H. D. SELOUS  
Killed at Paardeberg



CAPTAIN H. S. SYKES  
Killed in the advance on Ladysmith



CAPTAIN W. L. P. GIBTON  
Died of dysentery at Ladysmith



LIEUTENANT THE HON. E. H. LYGON  
Killed near Bloemfontein



CAPTAIN R. H. GIRDWOOD  
Died of wounds at Mafeking



LIEUTENANT L. MOURILYAN  
Killed at Pieter's Hill



CAPTAIN H. M. ARNOLD  
Died of wounds received at Paardeberg



LIEUTENANT C. H. HINTON  
Killed in the advance on Ladysmith

on Ladysmith, entered the Army in 1893. He was in his twenty-seventh year. Our portrait is by Cassar, Valetta.

Captain William Lionel Persse Gibton, who was in command of the 27th Inniskilling, succumbed to an attack of dysentery at Ladysmith on March 19. His death makes the twenty-fifth officer of this gallant regiment who has died or become incapacitated during the Natal campaign. He was the only surviving son of the late Major Gibton, of Kingstown, Ireland. Our portrait is by Mercer, Enniskillen.

Captain H. M. Arnold, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Canadian Regiment, died on February 23 of wounds received at Paardeberg on the 18th. Captain Arnold was the first Canadian officer killed in the war. Our portrait is by Steele and Co., Winnipeg.

Lieutenant Hubert Lionel Mourilyan, of the 1st Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment, was killed at Pieter's Hill during the advance to Ladysmith. Lieutenant Mourilyan joined the West Yorkshire Regiment as second lieutenant in 1895, and became lieutenant in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment in 1898. He was engaged in the Ashanti Expedition of 1895-96, and the operations in Sierre Leone in 1898-98, including the Karene Expedition. He served in the Protectorate Expedition as orderly officer. Lieutenant Mourilyan was twenty-four years of age. Our portrait is by Jacolette, South Kensington.

Paris Gittings

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

It has been reserved for the Aero Club (the balloon club of Paris) to inaugurate a new form of sport in the form of point-to-point balloon racing. A generous donor, who so far has remained anonymous, has just presented the club with the sum of 100,000 francs to be given as a prize to the balloon that will start from the club headquarters, go round the Eiffel tower, and return to the starting point. The distance is 11 kilometres, and it must be covered in half an hour. This offer remains open for five years, and each year the club is empowered to award the interest on the 100,000 francs (4,000 francs) to the person who contributes most towards the solution of the problem of aerial navigation.

The Aero Club, strange to say, is an offshoot of the Automobile Club. At first there seems but little in common between the running of a mobile and the sailing of a balloon. The point of union is probably in the motor. The constructors of automobiles are devoting all their energies to the creation of the motor of the greatest amount of power with the smallest amount of weight. Such a motor would be admirably adopted for furnishing power for a navigable balloon. It remains to be seen if the twentieth century will see the solution of the problem of aerial flight.

a narrow escape from destruction, has publicly registered a vow to carry a six-shooter as a protection against the *chauffeur* fiend.

M. Lepine, the Prefect of Police, has just had an idea that is not wanting in originality. He has organised a diving and swimming brigade of police which, during the Exhibition, will be on duty on the banks of the Seine ready to plunge in after anyone who may fall into the river. As the Exhibition extends for over a mile along both banks of the river accidents are possible, the more so as thousands of people may come by the penny steamers that ply to and fro. The Swimming Brigade wear a light jersey, a light pair of drill trousers, and light shoes. Round their waist they have twenty-five yards of rope, at one end of which is a small lifebuoy.

The Prefect of Police is always an unpopular personage in Paris. The Parisian is by nature eminently opposed to all such authority. The result is that the relations between the police and the people is always one of armed neutrality. But I think that in the measure that a prefect *can* be popular, M. Lepine is so. His predecessor, M. Losé, issued a strict muzzling order, and was just about as much loved in consequence as the unfortunate Mr. Long on the other side of the Channel. Strange to say the Prefecture of Police generally leads to diplomatic honour. M. Andrieux went as Ambassador to Madrid, and M. Losé represented France at Vienna. M. Lepine's ambition, I believe, is to find himself one day at the Court of St. James. It remains to be seen if this ambition will be realised.





General French's Relief Column, for its narrow lanes march, concentrated at Ramdam, and then advanced on Watervall Dint, on the Kiet River. Leaving at Kiet River his wounded men and some guns, General French hurried on towards the Modder. Between the Modder and Modder Rivers the enemy attacked the column on the flank, but the British opened from a hillside. While our gunners were replying to this attack, the long stranding our artillery was accidentally set fire to, and it flared all round the guns and horses, causing considerable trouble, but, in spite of this, a heavy shell fire was maintained, and the Boers were driven back. Meanwhile the main column pressed on.

"BETWEEN TWO FIRES": AN INCIDENT DURING THE MARCH ON KIMBERLEY BY GENERAL FRENCH'S RELIEF COLUMN

DRAWN BY MAR-TON









The present, four-wheeled army regulation ambulances, which were designed for use with infantry, are quite unsuited for the work required by rapidly moving troops, especially in such a country as South Africa. Mr. Horace Manders, the medical officer of the 14th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry, therefore designed a portable ambulance, which is so constructed that they can move as rapidly as a light cavalry unit. The ambulance is a four-wheeled carriage, in which are placed two stretchers and some medical comforts, and an ornate spruce, to which they are securely fastened. An awning is provided to be used if required. The flying hospital car is built after the fashion of an Irish car, but instead of a hollow centre, contains a body for the reception of instruments, plinths, dressing, and the like, while on either side four comfortable seats, with broad leather backs and straps in front, are provided for the use of the attendants, or for those wounded who are able to sit up. Each car is drawn by two horses attached to a pole on that modification of the carriage principle adopted in the "Cat" car, which allows of the greatest lightness, speed, mobility and facility in turning. In action the two cars are designed to act and work together in harmony and accompany the usual medical officer of the battalion or squadron. These cars follow the fighting line in rear of the supports and in front of the reserves. The moment casualties begin to occur the hospital car is brought up to a sheltered spot as near as can be done with safety from fire, and instruments and dressings are prepared. The bearers unlatch the stretchers from the ambulance, and take them to the front to pick up the wounded and carry them to the place where the cars are standing. The spot becomes at once a collecting and dressing station. The wounded are dressed the worst are placed in the flying ambulance and taken to the nearest field hospital. The hospital car is the property of the Flying Hospital Fund, of which Mr. A. Granville Hanrott, 201, Gloucester Terrace, is hon. treasurer.

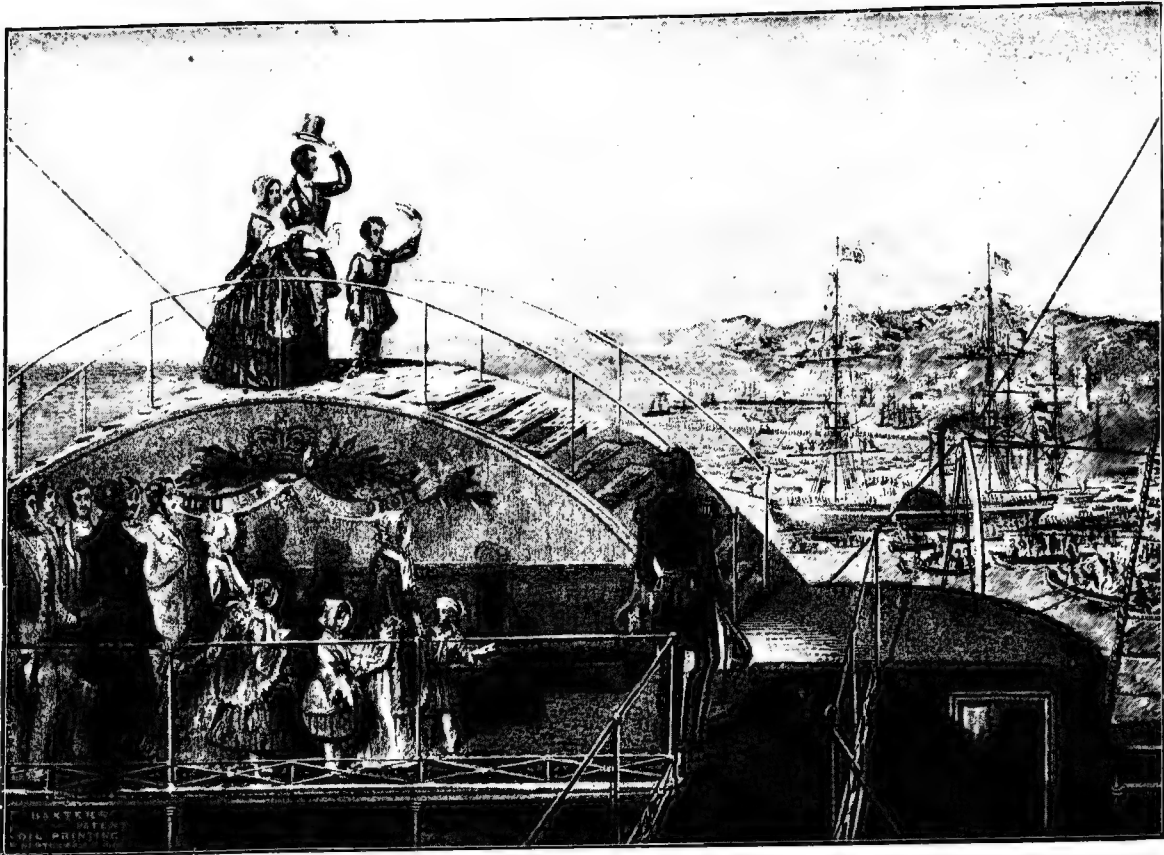
FOR SPEEDY AID TO THE WOUNDED: THE MANDERS FLYING AMBULANCE CAR

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG



FORMER VISITS  
OF THE QUEEN  
TO IRELAND

HER MAJESTY has visited Ireland three times in the course of her reign. The first occasion was in 1849. On August 1 the Queen, Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales left Osborne for the Cove of Cork, which was reached in about thirty hours. Next day the Queen received addresses of welcome and went ashore at Cove for a short time. The old town "Cove" was re-named Queenstown in honour of the occasion, a flag with the old name of the town being hauled down and a new one with "Queenstown" on it being hoisted in its stead. After proceeding up the river to Cork and receiving further addresses the Royal Squadron made straight for Kingstown. The visit to Dublin was made on August 6. "Such a day of jubilee," said the *Times*, "such a night of rejoicing has never been beheld in the ancient capital of Ireland since first it rose on



ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY, THE PRINCE CONSORT, AND THE PRINCE OF WALES AT KINGSTOWN  
THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT TO IRELAND IN 1849

the banks of the Liffey." The Royal procession took an hour and a half to pass from the railway station to the Viceregal Lodge. Next day several buildings of interest were visited, and on the 8th a Levée was held in the Castle. A review on the 9th, and a visit to the Duke of Leinster at Carton on the 10th brought the visit to the ancient city to a close. Belfast was then visited, and next day the Royal Squadron stood out for Glasgow. The second visit to Ireland was paid on August 29, 1853, when the Queen and Prince Consort, with their two sons, visited Dublin to inspect the Exhibition of Irish Industry there. It was also in the month of August that Her Majesty paid her visit to Ireland in 1861. Arriving at Kingstown on the 21st, Her Majesty, the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, visited the Curragh on the 24th, and Killarney on the 26th and 27th. A week was spent in Ireland, the Royal Party leaving on the 31st.

Albert

Victoria

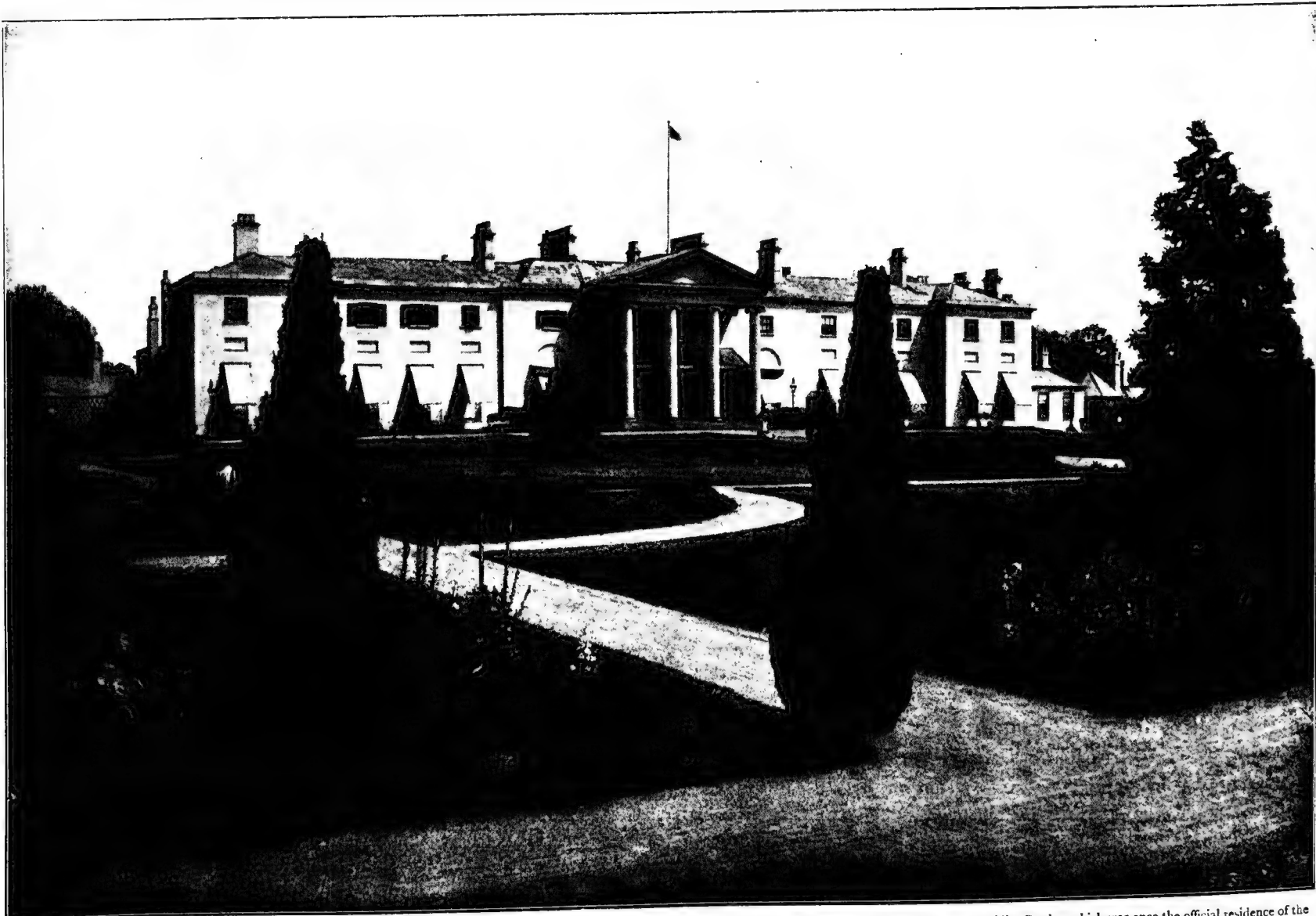
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August 7 - 1849.

Her Majesty, writing in above in reference to her first visit to Ireland, says:—"We visited Trinity College, the Irish University. Dr. Todd, the Secretary, and a very learned man, well versed in the Irish language, showed us some most interesting ancient manuscripts and relics, including St. Columba's book (Book of Kells,

in which we wrote our names). The Library is a very handsome room like that in Trinity College, Cambridge."—Extract from the "Queen's Journal"

ROYAL SIGNATURES IN THE BOOK OF KELLS AT TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN



The residence of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is situated in Phoenix Park, together with the Chief and Under Secretaries' Lodges. The building was formerly the ranger's lodge, and was purchased by the

Government for the Viceregal Lodge for 25,000*l*. Dublin Castle, which was once the official residence of the Lord-Lieutenant, is now used mainly for State ceremonials

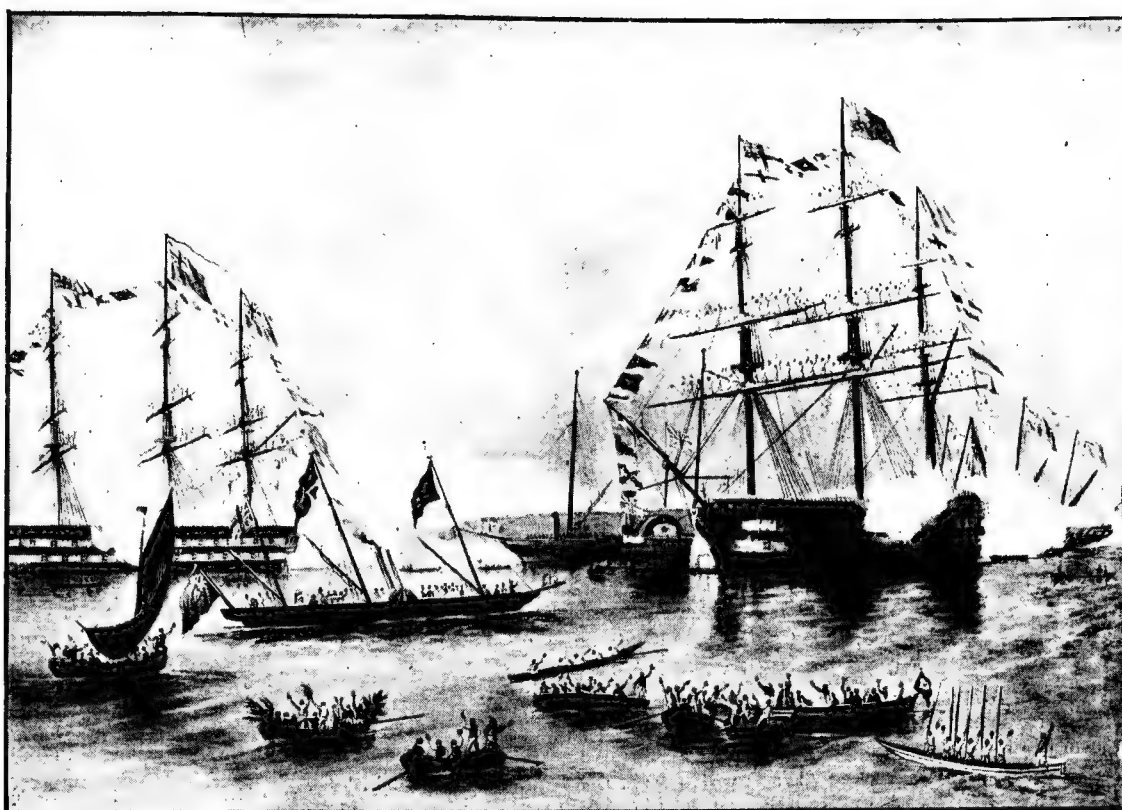
THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND: THE VICEREGAL LODGE, DUBLIN, WHERE HER MAJESTY WILL STAY





THE RIGHT HON. T. D. FILE  
Lord Mayor of Dublin  
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin

## Lord and Lady Cadogan



THE QUEEN'S TOUR THROUGH THE FLEET IN CORK HARBOUR ON AUGUST 3, 1849  
FROM AN OLD PRINT



MRS. T. D. FILE  
Lady Mayoress of Dublin  
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin

Her smile is particularly sweet and genial, and she evidently has a keen sense of humour, which is shared by Lord Cadogan. Both are constant attendants at the theatre, and the Viceregal boxes are often entirely filled by the Cadogan family.

One of the most striking characteristics of Lady Cadogan is her marvellous activity of mind and body. To see her riding to hounds all day, after an early cycling spin in the Phoenix Park, receiving

the summer of 1895 all welcomed a new Viceroy. Right Hon. Earl Cadogan, only for his own sake, but so that, with him, came a name well fitted to fill this and responsible position. For years Ireland had felt the need of a woman to take her part in the social functions, and still more, to use her influence in the cause of charity and good works.

From his public entry into Dublin on his arrival in Ireland, Lord Cadogan made a good impression. He was but little known in Ireland, although in England he had made his name in the political world. He began his public career as M.P. for Bath, for which place he was returned in 1873. He did not sit in the House of Commons, however, for more than a few months, for soon after his election he was called to the Upper House on the death of his father. But the promotion did not interfere with his pursuing the career he had chosen, and in 1875 he became Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War. After three years in that position he gathered more experience by being made Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonies. From 1886 to 1892 he was Lord Privy Seal. And when the present Government came into power he was selected as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. A happier choice could hardly have been made. His genial manners and his evident interest in the people have endeared him to the warm-hearted Irish, who also admire him for his love of sport. A Lord-Lieutenant who is

constantly seen in public, at church, in the hunting field, on the race-course, or in the theatre, is sure to be popular, and Lord Cadogan will be sadly missed when his term of office comes to an end.

From the first also Lady Cadogan found a place in the hearts of the Irish people. As wife of the Lord-Lieutenant she is second to no past Vicereine in dignity and charm, and her reign compares favourably even with that of Lady Londonderry. All State entertainments have been exceptionally brilliant, and at the first Drawing Room in 1896 the number of ladies presented was quite unprecedented in the annals of the Irish Court. It is said that the dresses and jewels worn were more strikingly beautiful than any seen here since the Princess of Wales's visit in 1885.

It is as a woman of tact and sympathy that Lady Cadogan's chief charm lies. She invariably knows the right thing to say, and has a gift for putting shy people at their ease. At the official dinners given at the Castle, she makes a rule of saying a few words to every lady present, and the writer never admired her more than when hearing her discuss the absorbing subjects of dress, servants and babies, with a shy young matron on one of these occasions!

guests at a large dinner in the evening, and dancing afterwards, it is hard indeed to believe that she was married in 1865! She is a very keen cyclist, by the way, and particularly enjoys riding in the beautiful park when residing at the Viceregal Lodge—her summer abode. Hunting is a passion with all the Cadogans, and Her Excellency is never darer to the Irish heart than when going across country. She has a good seat, and is both a plucky and graceful rider.

No sketch of Lady Cadogan's occupations and influence in Ireland would be complete without reference to the amount of philanthropic work in which she has interested herself for the sake of the Irish people. Distressed Irish ladies, poor peasant women, and hospitals have alike found in her a true friend. She is always ready to open one of the numerous bazaars, attend a meeting, or publicly speak in a good cause, and it may be mentioned, *en passant*, that Lady Cadogan is a remarkably good speaker, knowing just what to say and how to say it. Rarely, if ever, in all these years has she given up performing a public duty through "indisposition" or any other cause.



THE RIGHT HON. EARL CADOGAN, K.G., LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND  
From a Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin



THE COUNTESS CADOGAN  
From a Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin



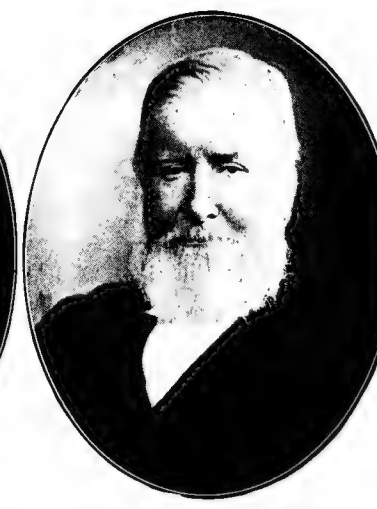
THE LATE MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES  
Veteran War Correspondent



MR. F. A. BOSANQUET, Q.C.  
New Common Serjeant of the City of London



THE MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY  
New Postmaster-General



THE LATE MR. J. H. PEPPER  
Of "Pepper's Ghost" celebrity



THE LATE DR. ST. GEORGE MIVART  
Scientist

## The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

AMONGST its supremest, perhaps its least widely recognised, great qualities, the House of Commons shines in the matter of patience. Only those who live in and with it know how sorely and in what various manners this is tried.

Recurrent occasion for the exercise of this virtue is provided at the question hour, when, in the hearing and presence of men, many of whom have kinsmen and friends at the front in South Africa, the Irish members delaminate the soldiers in the field, and attack with atrocious libels the most distinguished officers. The performance is, as Mr. Wyndham happily phrased it on Monday night, accomplished by the mischievous repetition of unfounded rumour. If any calumny, however ludicrous, against the British soldier be invented by the reptile press of the Continent, be sure Mr. Swift MacNeill, Mr. Patrick O'Brien, Mr. W. Redmond, or others of that class will slightly veil the falsehood in the form of a question, get it printed at the expense of the nation on the Orders of the Day, address it to the Under-Secretary for War, and hope to see it floated afresh in the Parliamentary Reports.

If this sort of thing were done in the Volksraad at Pretoria, the members named would speedily learn a practical lesson in the sort of freedom the gentle Boer extends to those who differ from him. For some weeks in the House of Commons the cowardly outrage—cowardly, because those who commit it are safe under the privilege of Parliament—has been silently borne. On Monday, Mr. MacNeill, coming on with a batch of questions of the usual kind, Mr. Wyndham, at the end of the tether of toleration, turned upon him, declining to "discuss by way of question and answer mischievous repetition of unfounded rumour." The thunderous cheer that welcomed this rebuke showed that though the House had hitherto been contemptuously silent it was not because it has not been deeply pained.

Parliament has spent a quiet week in winding up the business preparatory to the Easter holiday. The principal task in hand has been the Budget Bill, which has undergone some slight changes since it was introduced. One arose in connection with the war, affording fresh evidence of national gratitude to the heroes in the field. When the Budget reached Committee, Mr. Bartley put down an amendment exempting from Death Duties the estates of men who die in the service of the country, whether on land or sea. The Chancellor of the Exchequer acted after his official kind, declining to have anything to do with a proposal calculated to reduce the revenue. It was speedily made known that if the attitude were persisted in the strongest Government of modern times would not be safe in the division Lobby. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was obliged to capitulate. To accept Mr. Bartley's amendment after he had declared it impossible was too rude and open a confession of defeat. Sir Michael, accordingly, undertook that if it were withdrawn he would himself frame a new clause that would satisfy the desire of the House. This was done, and a substantial benefit secured for the families of men who die in the service of the country. Had such a proposition been made so recently as the last Budget the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in scouting it, would have found himself on safe ground. With war news coming in day by day, recording the magnificent courage of the British soldier, the fearless devotion of the officers, the House of Commons is ready to give with both hands to men who give their lives to their country.

Promise of speech from Sir William Wedderburn, with prospect of one to follow from Mr. Sam Smith, is not exactly the bait that tempts the House of Commons. The probability was that the subject they have made their own—India to wit—would suffer accordingly. A count-out as soon as the Secretary of State had replied was regarded as a matter of course. But the unexpected is always happening in the House of Commons, and it did not fail on this occasion. The attendance grew to considerable force. The debate was lifted to an unusual level of interest, and an attempt to count out on a succeeding motion failing, the House sat till its usual hour of twelve o'clock. Indian authorities like Lord G. Hamilton, Sir H. Fowler, Sir Lewis McIver, and Sir Mancherjee Bhownagjee would have none of Sir William Wedderburn's well-meant, but feeble and futile, proposal for fresh inquiry. The long succession of inquiries, whose results are recorded in volumes that load the shelves of the library, cover all the ground. It was admitted by all authorities, save Mr. Maclean, who can't bear Sir George Hamilton, that the Indian Government provides, painstakingly and sympathetically worked, the most complete machinery devisable by man for coping with the scourge of God, whether it be pestilence or famine. That conceded, Sir

Henry Fowler made the practical suggestion that, in the extreme case of the present famine, the House of Commons should vote a special contribution to the Famine Fund. The applause which greeted the suggestion will strengthen the Government in their evident inclination to adopt it.

### Our Portraits

HENRY FITZALAN-HOWARD, 15th Duke of Norfolk, K.G., P.C., has resigned the position of Postmaster-General, which he has held since the formation of the present Government, in order to go to the seat of war. For many years he has been connected with the Volunteer battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment, and upon the organisation of the contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry connected with his county he was desirous to serve with them. It is doubtful whether any Postmaster-General of recent years has commanded greater confidence and popularity with all ranks than the Duke of Norfolk. From the lowest grade of the service to the principal secretaries he stood in the greatest esteem. No Postmaster-General was ever more accessible to the ordinary sorter or carrier, and it was the Duke's habit to receive, frankly and openly, every deputation which waited upon him from the working staff, to hear their complaints patiently, and if possible to redress them.



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, K.G.  
Who has gone to South Africa with the 66th (Sussex) Company of the Imperial Yeomanry

Although the Duke was not connected with the Post Office Corps officially, his interest in it was very great, and on the occasion of the last autumn manoeuvres, when the Post Office men were largely represented, he took every care to secure the necessary comforts to the men in the field. On that occasion he was acting on the Staff of Sir Redvers Buller. The Duke of Norfolk was born in 1847. He is Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal and Chief Butler of England; Premier Duke and Earl, and K.G.C. of the Order of Christ. He has been Hon.-Colonel of the 4th W. R. Yorkshire Volunteers since 1864, and Lieut.-Colonel of the 2nd Battalion Sussex regiment since 1891. Our portrait is by W. Gregory and Co., Strand.

The Marquess of Londonderry, K.G., who has been appointed Postmaster-General in place of the Duke of Norfolk, K.G., is the fifth Marquess of Londonderry in order of succession. He is forty-

eight years of age. In 1875 he married the eldest daughter of the nineteenth Earl of Shrewsbury. From 1878-84 he represented County Down in the House of Commons, in 1884 succeeded his father in the peerage, and was Viceroy of Ireland from 1886-89. In 1895 Lord Londonderry, who had been conspicuous among the Moderates of the London School Board, was unanimously elected chairman in succession to Lord George Hamilton. The new Postmaster-General has now gone to Ireland in connection with the Queen's visit. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Mr. Archibald Forbes had long been in failing health, his constitution having never really recovered from the exposure to all kinds of hardships exacted by his arduous and responsible duties during the time in which his name was in everybody's mouth as that of one of the most intrepid and brilliant of special war correspondents. He was born in a Scottish manse on the borders of Morayshire and Banffshire in 1832. He ran away from home at the age of nineteen, and enlisted as a private in the "Royals." When, after quitting soldiering, he betook himself to literature for a living, he found an opportunity in journalism; and when the war of 1870 broke out between France and Germany the ex-trooper—after serving for some time a Scottish paper, and subsequently on the *Morning Advertiser*—found employment at the *Daily News*. He served that journal brilliantly for many years to the mutual advantage of contributor and proprietors, and established his reputation at once as one of the greatest of war correspondents. Thenceforth Archibald Forbes's career was determined; he was journalist and war correspondent to the end. To the Franco-German War succeeded the Spanish Carlist campaign, the Turco-Serbian war of 1876, the great Russo-Turkish struggle of 1877, in which he earned additional fame as a hard rider and a powerful writer, and then, after an interval spent in Burmah, came the Zulu war of 1879, in which Mr. Forbes made one of his famous rides—120 miles, from Ulundi to Landman's Drift, near Dundee, one of the drifts by which the Boers in the present war advanced upon Dundee. He sent to Lord Wolseley and Sir Bartle Frere the first news of the victory which broke the Zulu power. After that campaign Mr. Forbes went on extensive lecturing tours in Great Britain, America, and Australia. Mr. Forbes was twice married, the present Mrs. Forbes being a daughter of the late General M. C. Meigs, Quartermaster-General of the Army of the United States from 1861 to 1882. Our portrait is by Ball, Regent Street.

Mr. F. A. Bosanquet, Q.C., the new Common Serjeant, has been Recorder of Wolverhampton since 1891. He was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar in 1863, and was made Recorder of Worcester in 1879. Our portrait is by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

Mr. John Henry Pepper, who a quarter of a century back was the delight of the young of both sexes, and many of their elders also, at the Polytechnic Institute in Regent Street, has just died at Leytonstone, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was born at Westminster on June 17, 1821, and in 1848 became analytical chemist in the Royal Polytechnic, of which he was afterwards honorary director. As such his greatest success was the ghost illusion, which became known as "Pepper's ghost." It was, however, his own invention, being Mr. Henry Dircks's, a chemist, engineer, who fully described it in his book "Ghosts," published in 1863. After the collapse of the old Polytechnic and its conversion into the present educational institute, Mr. Pepper travelled with his show in America, Australia, New Zealand, &c., and for some years public analyst at Brisbane. His "Boys' Playhouse of Science" at one time enjoyed a wide vogue and turned the thoughts of many youngsters to popular science. Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

Dr. St. George Mivart, F.R.S., who died last Sunday, has been very prominent lately by reason of his rather painful controversy with Cardinal Vaughan, which ended in the Cardinal inviting Dr. Mivart to sign a profession of faith. Dr. Mivart refused to do this, and was inhibited by the Cardinal of Westminster from the sacraments in that diocese. Dr. St. George Mivart was born on November 30, 1827, and quite as a boy developed a love for zoology. As a youth of seventeen he publicly adopted the Roman Catholic faith. He went to the Bar, and from the Bar he turned once more to science, and to an official connection with it, taking in 1862 a Lectureship at St. Mary's Hospital School. For his zoological researches he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1867; and from that time onward he contributed largely to the literature of science, periodical and other. He was both secretary and vice-president of the Linnæan Society, Professor of Biology at University College, and among the numerous honours conferred upon him by foreign scientific societies was the Ph.D. of Rome. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



# The Royal Visit to Ireland

HALF a century from the time when the Queen first saw land, Her Majesty is now on Irish soil once more. Accompanied by Princesses Christian and Beatrice, the Queen started her journey from Windsor late on Monday night. The royal party travelled in their usual special train, and to ensure quiet rest for Her Majesty, the train stopped for several hours of night at Llandudno Junction. Holyhead was reached by nine Tuesday morning, the Queen going at once on board the *Torin* and *Albert*, where the Royal travellers breakfasted. Roads lined the way from the train to the harbour, flags flew every side, and the district was greeted Her Majesty with shouts and addresses of welcome. A little later the Royal party started across the Channel in the *Osborne*, with the *Australia* and *Albatross*, and piloted by the *Osborne* yacht *Irene*. Owing to a falling barometer and threatening weather the start had been made some four hours earlier than had been intended, so that the Royal yacht arrived at Kingstown at two on Tuesday afternoon. As the Queen entered Dublin Bay the Channel Squadron under Sir Henry Rawson—eleven powerful ironclads—greeted the Royal arrival with a united salute. Kingstown was crammed with sightseers, but, owing to the unexpectedly early arrival of Her Majesty, it was not until four o'clock that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Lord-Lieutenant, with Countess Cadogan, went on board to welcome Her Majesty, with whom they dined later on. The Queen looked out from the yacht on a most picturesque scene, for the Fleet was illuminated from stern to stern, their powerful searchlights being brought into play, whilst Kingstown was not behindhand in lighting up for the occasion. Bonfires blazed on Howth Heath and Killiney Hill, and a display of fireworks took place in the Park.

Wednesday having been declared Bank Holiday, there was nothing to hinder all Dublin pouring out to meet the Sovereign. The State reception began at Kingstown, crowded to its full capacity. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their three children, with the Lord-Lieutenant, received the Queen formally on her landing, and, after an address from Kingstown had been presented, Her Majesty drove to the Viceregal Lodge hurriedly to the reception in Dublin. The royal procession consisted of four marriages, the Duchess of Connaught, with her son and daughters, going in that preceding the Queen, who occupied the last with Princesses Christian and Beatrice. The Duke of Connaught rode by mother's carriage, and a troop of King's Dragoon Guards formed escort till reaching Dublin, when they were replaced by Life Guards. The whole ten miles from Kingstown to the Viceregal Lodge were one mass of bunting, decorations, and cheering people. The picturesque ceremony marked the Royal arrival at the City of Dublin. A temporary archway had been put up, reproducing one of the old gates formerly flanking the city wall, with a lofty tower whence a trumpeter announced the Queen's approach. The gates were shut, but when Athlone Cavalry-at-Arms demanded admission for the Sovereign, they were open for the Royal carriage to pass through, and to find on the other side the Lord Mayor waiting to present the Address of Welcome, the Sword of State, and the City keys—which date from the sixteenth century. The casket containing the Address was especially beautiful, being a reproduction of Celtic art work of the seventeenth century, and studded with jewels. Thence Her Majesty drove on to the Viceregal Lodge, being received by the Lord-Lieutenant and Countess Cadogan.

Although the Queen intends her stay in Dublin to be a private not a State visit, Her Majesty will take part in one or two public ceremonies. For instance, a review of the Dublin garrison in the grounds of the Viceregal Lodge, a

rehearsal of this inspection having been carried out in the Phoenix Park by the Duke of Connaught on Saturday. The school children of the city are also to be inspected by Her Majesty to-day (Saturday). There will be a good many dinner-parties at the Viceregal Lodge, and Her Majesty hopes to see the neighbouring country very thoroughly in her long drives. On Sundays the Queen intends to attend service in the Chapel Royal.

Although the Prince of Wales is not going to the Riviera this year he will not miss his Continental trip altogether, as he accompanies the Princess to Denmark for King Christian's 82nd birthday. The Prince and Princess will stay at Copenhagen for Easter, the Prince then returning home whilst the Princess remains a little while with her father. During his visit to Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley last week, the Prince had the pleasure of seeing his horse, Ambush II., win the Grand National at Aintree—a most popular victory, judging by the way the people cheered the Royal

# "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

WITH the birth of a third son to the Duke of York, and the winning of the Grand National by the Prince of Wales, a most interesting and eventful month came to its close. Not often do so many exciting things happen in the course of a few days. The relief of Ladysmith, the occupation of Bloemfontein, the visit of the Queen to the capital, the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, with the Grand National success and the Boat Race, make up a list of items sufficient to satisfy the most greedy of emotion-loving mortals, and, strange to say, all these items were pleasurable ones. Even the Boat Race was a foregone conclusion for Cambridge, and though the Oxford men struggled bravely, they could not be said to have suffered keen disappointment. All London decked itself in blue as the week before in green, and some people sought to propitiate fate by wearing light and dark blue together. I saw a butcher standing at his shop door wearing a straw hat with a large light blue sash tied round it, and every woman nearly sported a knot of blue of some kind in her headgear or on her breast.

English people have taken kindly to display, to colours, and to demonstrativeness lately, and even the Irish may seem more enthusiastic and volatile during the Royal visit than their Saxon neighbours. The Queen's drives, with escort of Guards and her Ascot liveries, will certainly delight the effervescent population of the streets through which she will pass.

The dresses in the new play at the St. James's Theatre are as effective and as costly as we now have a right to expect. Though there is no great novelty, the result is eminently pleasing to the eye. A lady journalist wears a gown absurdly unsuitable to the work, still very pretty. It is of soft, delicate grey, with a muslin and jet embroidered bodice and large white hat and feathers. Miss Fay Davis, the *ingenue*, is appropriately garbed in a pale blue *voile*, with tucked skirt and bodice trimmed with cream lace and black velvet; for dinner she sports a red velvet Princess robe, which looked too hot for the season, and too old for her years. Miss Granville, as the passionate coquette, donned some lovely costumes, and, above all, a magnificent green velvet cloak embroidered in silver and trimmed with chinchilla and lace. It is becoming the fashion for the emotional leading lady to wear an exceptionally splendid cloak, the splendour and magnificence of which emphasises her grief and her despair. Such cloaks are dreams of beauty, and easily recognised as the due *apanage* of a well-dressed heroine.

Men are at a disadvantage in modern plays, for they are bound to give up their ruffians, their laced coats, their swords, their plumed caps, and all the pretty frivolities which gave to the male a preponderance of good looks in mediæval times. Certainly a bicycling dress, a golf suit, or even the London frock coat, is not poetical, and requires exceptional merit to wear properly. Everybody looked a gentleman in flowing locks and laced coats; few can aspire to look gentlemanly in flannel shirts, knickers, and woollen stockings.

The wail of the weary working women is still heard. They long to be housed, and no one will house them as they wish, according to their age, their incomes and their habits of liberty. Even the middle-aged spinsters living alone are tired of "catteries," "pusseries," "hen communities," or whatever these gatherings of women are somewhat irreverently called. They do not wish, like the Bishop of London, for clubs where "the women cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest," but they do yearn for hostels or boarding-houses where men may lodge as well as women, where they can find freer and more masculine intercourse, and where, as a matter of necessity when men are present, the food is better. This is a great indictment of the modern practice of women herding together, emphasising their own idiosyncrasies and separating the sexes, for it is seen to be one of the drawbacks to women's work that they suffer from the loneliness of lodgings, the absence of home life, and the need of men friends.



WALKING COSTUME

Princess robe of red *crêpon* caught up on the shoulders with black velvet ribbons fastened by buckle of old silver. Tight-fitting bodice in *Cluny* embroidery. The *crêpon* skirt is trimmed with lines of *crêpon* running lengthwise. At the waist on the left is a black velvet bow with long ends. The sleeves are *crêpon* with embroidered cuffs. Brown straw hat trimmed with red taffetas and fancy wings.

owner. The Prince was back again in town in time to hold a Levée at St. James, on Monday, and to inspect the staff of the Welsh Military Hospital for South Africa. The Princess and Princess Victoria have been at Sandringham for a few days, but returned to town to start with the Prince for Denmark on Wednesday, travelling *via* Calais, Cologne, and Hamburg. After all, the Prince has decided not to go to the opening of the Paris Exhibition.

There seems little danger of failure in the direct line of succession to the British Throne. The birth of another son to the Duke and Duchess of York gives the Queen no fewer than five direct heirs. This baby is the Duke and Duchess's fourth child and third son, the eldest boy, Prince Edward, being nearly six years old. The new Prince was born at Sandringham on Saturday, and both mother and child are doing well.

“From Cape Town to Ladysmith” \*

THE last work by the late G. W. Stevens, a short account of whose life and untimely death in Ladysmith were given last week, strikes one as being the best and perhaps the most enduring. He had acquired his method, had polished and hardened it; and some of the glimpses which this trained and most brilliant observer gives us of life in Ladysmith during the last days of the siege must inevitably become the reference of the historian when the history of the whole war comes to be written. There is a pathetic side to his feeling of imprisonment in the fever-stricken town, because his experience of it strikes so poignant a note of contrast with the vitality, the hope, the eagerness of expectation with which he and many other Britons beside him set out upon their work in South Africa. Britain will never turn back from that work; poor Stevens and many like him never can. “Beyond is the world,” he wrote in his last letter, —“war and love. Buller marching on Colenso, and all that a man holds dear in a little island under the North Star . . . . To your world and to yourself you are every bit as good as dead—except that dead men have no time to fill in.” But it is not now with his personal view as with the dramatic, detailed picture that he drew of Ladysmith “squirming between iron fingers.” “What does it feel like to be bombarded?”—he asks the question in one of his chapters and answers it:—

At first, and especially as early as can be in the morning, it is quite an uncomfortable sensation. You know that gunners are looking for you through telescopes; that every spot is commanded by one big gun and most by a dozen. You hear the squeal of the things all above, the crash and pop all about, and wonder when your turn will come. Perhaps one falls quite near you, swooping irresistibly as if the devil had kicked it. You come to wait for shells—or listen to the deafening rattle of the big guns, the shrilling whistle of the small, to guess at their pace and their direction. You see now a house smashed in, a heap of chips and rubble; now you see a splinter kicking up a fountain of clinking stone shivers; presently you meet a wounded man on a stretcher. This is your dangerous time. If you have nothing else to do, and especially if you listen and calculate, you are done; you get shells on the brain, think and talk of nothing else, and finish by going into a hole in a ground before daylight, and hiring better men than your self to bring you down your meals. Whenever you put your head out of the hole you have a nose-breadth escape. If a hundredth part of the providential deliverances told in Ladysmith were true, it was a miracle that anybody in the place was alive after the first quarter of an hour. A day of this and you are a nerveless semi-corpse, twitching at a fly-buzz, a misery to yourself and a scorn to your neighbours.

If, on the other hand, you go about your ordinary business, confidence revives immediately. You see what a prodigious weight of metal can be thrown into a small place and yet leave plenty of room for everybody else. You realise that a snell which makes a great noise may yet be hundreds of yards away. You learn to distinguish between a gun's report and an overturned water tank's. You perceive that the most awful noise of all is the throat-ripping cough of your own guns firing over your head at an enemy four miles away. So you leave the matter to Allah, and by the middle of the morning do not even turn your head to see where the bang came from.

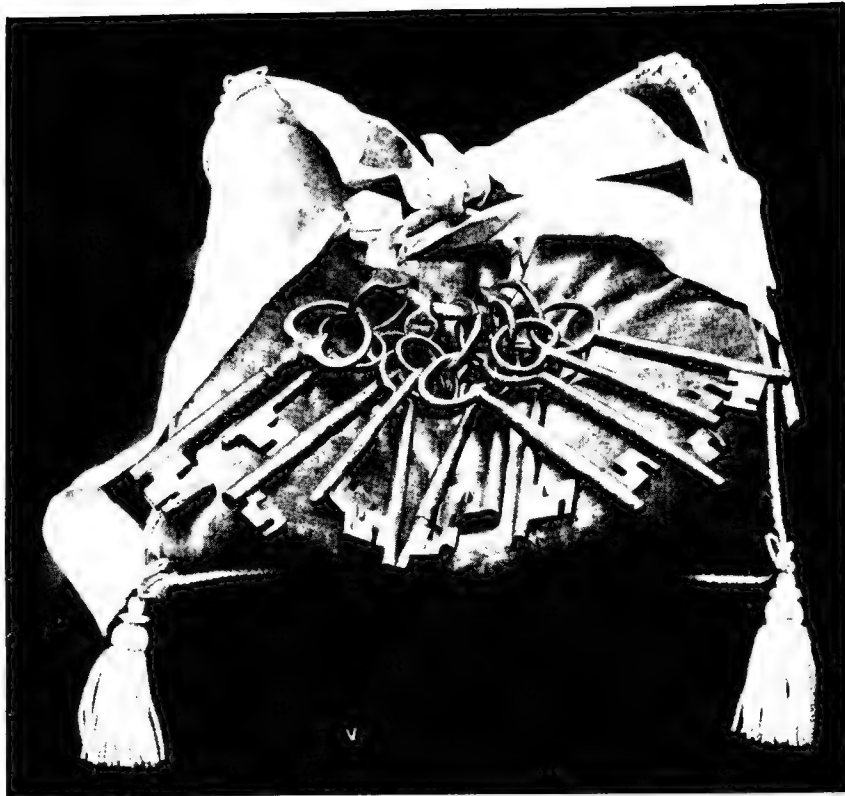
One of the lighter sides of the war has been the aptness of the soldiers in finding names for the big guns—chiefly those which were aimed to destroy them. “Long Tom” is a name which will endure as long as Ladysmith. Mr. Stevens described “Long Tom” during the second month of the siege with a quaint humour that is pathetic now in our knowledge of all that has happened.

I am not able to tell you exactly what brand of gun he may be. It is evident from his conservative use of black powder, and the old-gentlemanly steadiness of his movements, that he is an elderly gun. His calibre appears to be six inches. From the plunging nature of his fire, some have conjectured him a sort of howitzer, but it is next to certain he is one of the sixteen 15-cm. Creusot guns bought for the forts of Pretoria and Johannesburg. Anyhow, he conducted his enforced task with all possible humanity.

On December 7 a brother “Long Tom,” by the name of “Fiddling Jimmy,” opened on the Manchesters and Caesar's Camp from a flat-topped kopje three or four miles south of them. This gun had been there certainly since the 3rd, when it shelled our returning reconnaissance; but he, too, was a gentle creature, and did little harm to anybody. Next day a third brother, “Puffing Billy,” made a somewhat bashful appearance on Bulwer. Four rounds from the four-point-seven silenced him for the day. Later came other brothers, of whom you will hear in due course.

Mr. Stevens added that in general the “Long Toms” were good shooting guns and very difficult to disable behind their huge epaulments.

Westward, on Telegraph Hill, was a



These twelve keys of the old city gates were presented to the Queen on her arrival at the City Boundary. Our photograph is by Lafayette, Dublin

THE KEYS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN

gun which appeared to prey exclusively on cattle. I am afraid it was one of our own mountain guns turned cannibal. The cattle during the siege, had of course to pasture on any waste land inside the lines they could find, and gathered in dense distractingly noisy herds; but though this gun was never tired of firing on the mobs, I do not think he ever got more than one calf.

There was a gun on Lombard's Kop called “Silent Susan”—so called because

the shell arrived before the report—a disgusting gun. The menagerie was completed by the “Jokers,” which there were at least three. These nosed about in thick bush, whence it larks chains at unsuspecting strangers. Fortunately, its shell is as timid as it is poisonous.

Altogether, with three “Long Toms,” howitzer, “Silent Susan,” about a dozen pounders, four of our screw guns, Maxim automatics, they had about two dozen on us.

Mr. Stevens goes on to describe the light smoke from the Boer gun, the shaking of the 4-7, and the little damage that is done.

It was all quite unimportant and probably of no use. At first it staggers you to think that shaking bang can have no result; but after a little and thought you see it would be a miracle if it did. The emplacement is a small mountain in itself; the shells go out into holes. Once in a thousand shots you get a hit and destroy it—but shell is scarce at Christmas.

Yet, if they never hit a man, this handful of shells has been the saving of Ladysmith. You don't know how to feel about it, what a worm you feel when the plugging shell into you and you can't possibly get it out. Even though they spared their shell, it made a difference to know that the sailors could reach it if they ever became unbearable. It makes all the difference to the Boers, too, I suspect; for as sure as “Lady” “Bloody Mary” gets on to them they shut up in two. To have the very men among you makes the difference between rain-water and brine.

Towards the end of this very chapter, the narrator suddenly sighs “How long?” but he pulls himself up; the sailors, he reminds us, “have not seen home for two years, which is less than their usual spell. This is their chance. ‘Of course we enjoy it’ they say, as they apologise for saving us, ‘we so seldom have a chance.’ The Royal Navy is the salt of the earth and the salt of the earth is—”

The long, long inaction told upon poor Stevens' bright spirits at last; and his “last chapter” ominously called “nearing the end,” the heartsickness of deferred, begins to make itself felt. “For my part,” he writes, “I feel it will never end.” Ladysmith, turned inside out by the necessities of war was, the last picture which he drew with his facile pen.

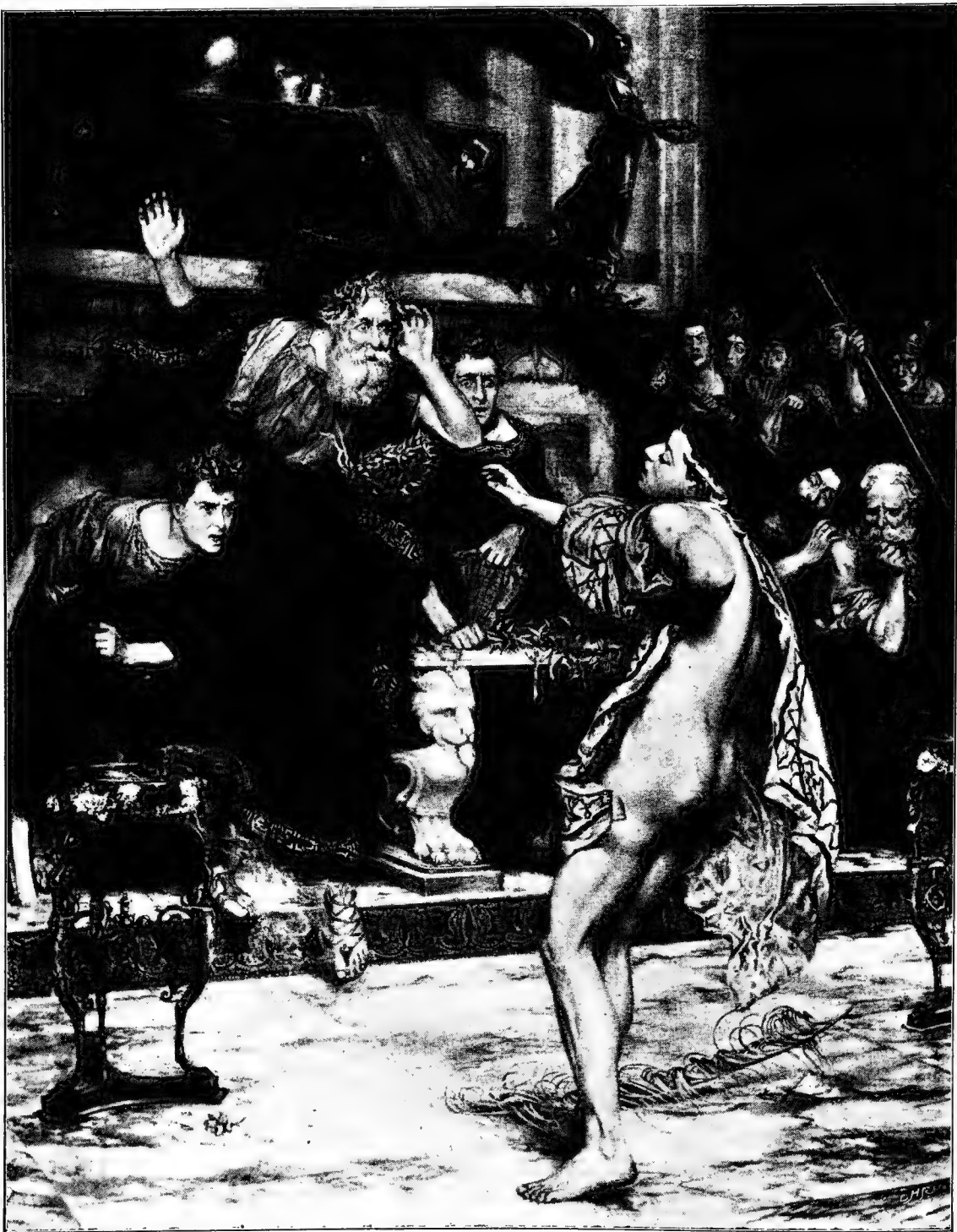
Where people should be the day from dawn to daylight should be a dead blank. Where business should be, the sleepy-shop blinds are pulled down where no business should be, the crumbling ruts that lead to the clatter wagon after wagon with the whiplashes and piles of bread. Where no people should be—in the morning at the river bank, in the afternoon the veldt ringed with rocks, in the evening bushes—all these you find alive with men and beasts. The whole centre of gravity of Ladysmith is changed. Its belly lies no longer in the middle of the emporia along the High Street, but in the earth-reddened, half-invisible streets that backfully mark the commissariat stores. Its brain is not the Town Hall, the best target in Ladysmith, but Headquarters under the stone-pocked roof. The riddled Royal Hotel is its new centre no longer; it is to the top of the seamed Sailors' Camp or the white shoulders of Caesar's Camp that they come to hear and tell the news.

Poor Ladysmith! Deserted markets, repopled in its wastes, ripped with iron splinters, there again into rail-roofed, rock-walled, trampled down in its garden, where nothing can ever grow, hemmed with sandbags and bowled with tunnels—the Boers may not hurt us, but they have left their mark for years on her.

Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours

It cannot be said that the exhibition of the Royal Institute has been unaffected by those influences which have this spring more very perceptibly the general tendency of artistic effort. The inclination to break fresh ground and to attempt new departures that is a characteristic of the world when the affairs of the community are in a normal state is just now hardly perceptible. Few men seem to have the courage to risk by ambitious experiments the popularity which their steady adherence to one settled line of artistic policy has gained for them in the past. An idea that people are too much concerned with other things to give proper attention to what art workers may be doing has plainly got about, and it has had the effect of suspending for the moment all desire for progress, and has certainly checked temporarily the development of new technical devices. Artists as a body are simply marking time, and are waiting to see what will happen next before they allow themselves any renewal of activity.

As a consequence the collection of drawings in the galleries of the Institute is in no way surprising. It throws no new light upon the



“THE GREEK RUNNER LADAS FALLING DEAD AS HE GOES TO RECEIVE HIS CROWN AT OLYMPIA”

BY F. M. BENNETT

THE ROYAL ACADEMY GOLD MEDAL PICTURE

\* “From Cape Town to Ladysmith.” By G. W. Stevens. (Blackwood.)



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practice of water-colour painting, and makes no æsthetic revelations. It is respectable, sincere, and quite capable, but a little commonplace. Plenty of sound craftsmanship is in evidence in the show, but it is applied almost invariably to the working out of stock motives that have been used over and over again and have begun to look rather threadbare. Technically, the exhibition is satisfactory enough, and is fully up to the average of those which have been organised before by the same association; it is only disappointing because this excellence of accomplishment is not accompanied by an equally obvious intelligence in the adaptation of ideas.

Nearly all the best contributions come from the landscape painters. As studies of nature, well observed and handled with admirable power, such works as Mr. Aumonier's dignified record of a twilight effect, "Amberley Chalk Pit," Mr. R. B. Nisbet's sombre and masculine arrangement of deep tones, "Lingering Snow," Mr. Leslie Thomson's splendidly decorative "Holyhead Mountain," or Mr. A. W. Weedon's large and impressive "Passing Storm," claim unhesitating approval. Mr. Archibald Kay's "Springtime," Mr. David Green's "Dawn," and Mr. J. R. Reid's bright little note, "The Fisherman's Haven," are also excellent statements of honest conviction; and Mr. Yeend King's three sketches are to be marked as fresh and direct expressions of a love of what is most attractive in English landscape. Mr. Peppercorn's "Exmouth," with its decisive touch and strong colour contrasts, and his more subtle and tender study "On the Devonshire Coast," Mr. A. Macbride's atmospheric and luminous drawing of "The Valley of the Fleet, Kildubrightshire," and Mr. A. G. Bell's sensitive piece of tone arrangement, "Summer Haze," have a full measure of that refinement of technical quality that comes from a happy union of knowledge of nature with a sense of style; while Mr. C. E. Johnson's "Windsor Castle from Snow Hill," and the elaborate "Fountains Abbey," by Mr. Bernard Evans, illustrate well the use that artists can make of the best tradition if only they have the judgment to distinguish its true significance from its merely superficial characteristics.

Among the figure paintings the two tiny little works, "A Guard-Room Dandy," and "The Inception of a Song," by Mr. E. J. Gregory, are supreme as examples of perfect handicraft and exquisite knowledge. They show the most fascinating side of his always delightful practice, and deserve the most unhesitating praise from every lover of accomplished elegance. Mr. Percy Buckman, too, is to be heartily commended for the delicacy with which he has treated the nude figure in his "Treasures of the Deep," a piece of work that has real grace of design and true beauty of sentiment; and Miss G. Demain Hammond shows thorough command over technicalities in her very cleverly treated "Study." Mr. Hal Hurst's "Marooned" is a skillfully managed subject picture, dramatic and effective in a large way, and distinctly able in draughtsmanship and design. In addition to the water-colour exhibition space has been found in the galleries for some three hundred miniatures by members of the Society of Miniaturists, a fairly representative group of examples of this class of art work.

MR. FRANK MOSS BENNETT, the young painter whose picture has gained the Royal Academy Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship, commenced his artistic career at Clifton College, where

he took every prize awarded for drawing and painting, and while at the College he exhibited a small work at Bristol. Mr. Bennett studied two years at the Slade School, taking a prize there; then, after fifteen months spent at Calderon's Art School at St. John's Wood, where he was the most successful student in the monthly sketching competition, he entered the Royal Academy Schools. After one term in the Antique and one term in the Lower, he passed into the Upper Life Schools. At the end of the three years allowed to all students, Mr. Bennett sent up work which gained him an extension for two years. He has now been awarded the Royal Academy Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship. Mr. Bennett has exhibited at the Royal Academy twice, at the Royal Institute of Water-Colours, at Leeds and at the Liverpool Autumn Exhibition.

### Musical Notes

THE announcement that the Crystal Palace directors had given the members of their band a month's notice has in some quarters been accepted as an indication that the long-threatened disbandment of the famous orchestra and discontinuance of the concerts is about to be carried out. The step has, however, we are empowered to state, been taken for very different reasons. The famous Saturday Concerts will, in fact, not be interfered with, except that the orchestra will be improved; but the daily band, whose classical performances are evidently not appreciated, will be replaced by one of greater general utility. The band was reorganised a short time ago, and was certainly not improved. It is too good for an outdoor and general band, while hardly up to the Crystal Palace standard of a symphony orchestra. The players now have to do many and varied duties besides playing at the classical concerts, and a different class of men is advisable for the ordinary work; while for the Saturday concerts a special band, or extras, can be engaged in the usual way. This is, we learn, the true explanation of the step just decided upon, and as the classical Saturday concerts end this week, now, of course, is the best and most convenient time to make the change. At any rate, it would be a pity, and would, we think, also be contrary to the interests of the Crystal Palace itself, if the famous Saturday concerts were abandoned. At the concert on Saturday there were no novelties, but a fair performance was given of Schumann's Overture, Scherzo, and Finale—a symphony without the slow movement—which item had not, it seems, been heard at the Saturday concerts for something like thirteen years.

M. Ysaye made his last appearance this spring at the Popular Concerts on Monday, and next Monday the season will come to an end. Next year, it is hoped, the Belgian violinist will return, and will bring with him, for an engagement of twenty concerts, the members of a quartet party. On Saturday he roused to enthusiasm a rather cold audience by his masterly playing of the favourite Romance in F of Beethoven, giving for a couple of encores two of Wieniawski's Mazourkas.

The veteran Mr. Sims Reeves, who is now in his eighty-second year, and has for some months past been ill, has been granted, at the recommendation of Mr. Balfour, a Civil List pension of 100*l.* a year. The mighty, indeed, have fallen, for it was not so very many years ago that the great English tenor was able to successfully demand a fee of 100*l.* a night. This was, however, towards the end of his career, and in the forties and fifties, when he was in his

prime, his fee, as the accounts of the old Sacred Harmonic Society will prove, was from seven to ten guineas a night, a sum which a leading tenor of the present day would certainly turn up his nose.

Mr. Lloyd has been engaged for both Hereford and Epsom these being his final appearances at the great Musical Festival, which he has been leading tenor for the last twenty years. It is difficult to imagine who will take his place, but, of course, his immediate successor will be Mr. Ben Davies, who is on his way to America, which, it is significantly said, will be his last tour of that country for many years.

Lady Hallé, as her many admirers will be glad to learn, has resolved to spend a considerable time in England during the coming autumn. A tour is being arranged for her in the provinces in October and November, and she will also be heard in London.

### EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS

THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN COMPANY announce cheap excursion trains from London on April 11 to Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Enniskillen, Galway, Killarney, Wick, Londonderry, Portrush, Sligo, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places. Also on April 11 to Lancaster, Morecambe, Carlisle, the English Lake District, Southport, Preston, Wigan, St. Helens, Bolton, Blackburn, Blackpool, and on April 12 to Abergavenny, Merthyr, Swansea, Carmarthen, Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Colwyn Bay, Llandudno, Conway, &c. Also to Rugby, Derby, Chester, &c. Also to Birmingham, Leamington, Warwick, Wolverhampton, &c., and to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Greenock, Perth, and other places in Scotland.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY announces cheap excursion trains from London on April 10, to Londonderry, via Morecambe, by direct steamer. On April 11, to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, &c., via Morecambe and via Liverpool. On April 12, to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, &c., via Barrow and via Liverpool. On April 13, to Leicester, Nottingham, Newark, Lincoln, Birmingham, Burton, Manchester, Blackburn, Bolton, Oldham, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, &c. Also to Scarborough, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Birrow and the Furness and Lakes District, Carlisle, &c. Also to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness, Nairn, Forres, Ballater, &c. On April 14, to Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, Liverpool, &c. On April 15, to St. Helens, Harpenden, Luton, and Bedford.

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY announce that on April 10, express excursions will leave London for Northallerton, Darlington, Rye, Durham, Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, &c. Also for Blackburn, Bolton, Bradford, Boston, Cromer, Darlington, Derby, Doncaster, Grantham, Grimsby, Halifax, Hartlepool, Huddersfield, Hull, Leicester, Lincoln, Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oldham, Preston, Peterboro', Scarborough, Sheffield, Sunderland, &c. Also for Ashfield, York, and other principal stations in the Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern districts. On April 16 for one day to Skegness, St. Albans, Hertford, Luton, Dunstable, Hitchin, Cambridge, Biggleswade, Sandy, Tempsford, St. Neots, Huntingdon, and Peterboro', &c.

For visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter Holidays the Great Eastern Railway Company's Hook of Holland Royal Mail Route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. From the Hook of Holland through carriages run to Cologne, Bale, and Berlin; reaching Cologne at noon, Bale and Berlin in the evening. Special cheap tickets have been arranged by the Harwich-Antwerp Route for passengers wishing to visit Brussels for the Field of Waterloo.

THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY COMPANY announce that by their Royal Mail route, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen to Paris and the Continent, a Special 14-day Excursion to Paris will be run from London by the Express Day Service on April 12, and also by the Express Night Service on April 11, 12, 13, and 14.

It should have been stated that the photograph of the Oxford crew in our last week's issue was by E. Gordon, 34, High Street, Putney.

THE name of the little khaki-clad boy who presented a bouquet to the Queen on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to Woolwich is Carl Shurey.

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## Count Vincent Benedetti

COUNT VINCENT BENEDETTI, formerly French Ambassador at Berlin, was born at Bastia, in Corsica, in 1815. He began his diplomatic career as Consul at Cairo, and in 1848 he was appointed Consul at Palermo. In 1855 he was first secretary of the French Embassy at Constantinople, and then became director of political affairs at the Foreign Office in Paris. As secretary of the Congress of Paris he drew up the protocol of the Treaty of 1856. He attached himself to the political opinions of Cavour at that time, and was regarded in the official world as one of the most



COUNT VINCENT BENEDETTI

devoted adherents to the cause of Italian independence. In 1861, when, after the death of Cavour, the French Government recognised the Kingdom of Italy, he was nominated to the post of Minister-Plenipotentiary of France at Turin. In November, 1864, he replaced M. de Talleyrand-Périgord as French Ambassador at Berlin, and received the title of Count.

In 1870 Benedetti was still the representative of France at the Court of Berlin, and when the negotiations of Marshal Prim were set on foot in connection with the acceptance of the Crown of Spain

by a Hohenzollern Prince his position became one of extreme delicacy. In July, 1870, when the alleged slight was put upon Benedetti by King William of Prussia (afterwards the first Emperor of Germany), there was a great outcry against his weakness and incapacity, his enemies even accusing him of infidelity to the French cause. Count Benedetti retired from the diplomatic service in 1871, and returned to his native country, where he practised as a barrister at Ajaccio and was elected a member of the General Council of the Canton of Nonza. He was created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1845, and he became Grand Officer of the Order in 1860 and Grand Cross in 1866.

## New Novels

### "UNDER THE LINDEN"

THERE is nothing about Berlin in Gillan Vase's novel (Digby, Long, and Co.), in spite of its title. The "Linden" represent rather that indefinable aroma which distinguishes German fiction from all other, and renders it as fascinating to some tastes as it is vaguely elusive for others. Though not a translation, there is nothing in German literature itself which is more thoroughly and characteristically German both in spirit, in sentiment, and in form; even its excellent English has a curious kind of colouring that makes one question whether that be the mental language of its author. In short, if a purely English reader wants to read a real German novel without a preliminary course of grammars and dictionaries, "Under the Linden" is the very book for its purpose. The story is, almost as a matter of course, one of character—in this case that of a girl whom all about her have virtually conspired to idolise till she becomes a mere chaos of selfish impulses that have all the effect of tragic passions, breaking hearts and spoiling lives, even beyond the concluding catastrophe of murder and suicide. It will be found interesting—assuming a previous taste for a national colouring which, under the circumstances, has a special interest of its own.

### "THEIR SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY"

What would have happened had "The Innocents Abroad" been written by Mr. W. D. Howells instead of Mark Twain? The question may sound confused; but the answer is clear—it would have been the production of "Their Silver Wedding Journey" (Harper and Brothers) long ago instead of to-day. In six hundred well-filled pages Mr. Howells chronicles, step by step, meal by meal, sight by sight, and well-nigh word by word, the tour of a five-and-twenty years married pair of Bostonians across the Atlantic to Hamburg, thence to Carlsbad, Anspach, Nuremberg, Würzburg, Berlin, Weimar, Frankfurt, Düsseldorf, and Cologne, and finally home again. They are a simple-minded, somewhat humorously pathetic, kindly pair of middle-aged lovers, with all the romance and culture essential to a Bostonian outfit for Europe; and their experiences form a sort of humanised supplement—if the phrase is permissible—to Murray and Baedeker. Their own chief interest, however, is centred upon the affairs of two pairs of lovers, the ripples in whose respective courses entitle Mr. Howells to describe his agreeable and entertaining travel-talk as "A novel."

### "THE MONEY SENSE"

John Strange Winter must be credited with the heroine who stands, as yet, simply unapproached as uninterestingness with detestability. "Angel," or Dodsborough, whose downward progress is the subject of "Money Sense" (Grant Richards), is quite correctly the lady who tried to prepare her for the stage, as being as a mule and dense as an owl. With a hard-boiled from her father to enable her to take London by storm as a hopeless failure at a badly managed marriage; a horrible little cad to get her delts paid, finds him out with the housemaid, gets a divorce, and marries an old of a fashionable portrait painter in order to become with duchesses. She is as absolutely silly as she is even than her circle of acquaintances, which is saying a good deal, and, if she fails to go what is particularly called "vulgar" only because she is so abnormally without passion. Her attempt to console herself with liqueur-brandy for her advertisement of his non-liability for her debts in a bitterly cynical spirit in which the whole novel is so no means agreeable. John Strange Winter's personage is conspicuous for brains, but many of them have had should be glad to meet some of these again.

### "THOU SHALT NOT—"

Mr. Stanton Morich appears to be of opinion that a penal servitude upon a husband should entitle the wife to without the help of such collusive proceedings as are attempted in his "Thou Shalt Not—" (Arthur H. Mowbray). The novel also amounts to a plea, it might almost be said on behalf of a larger extension of social charity towards who have either placed themselves or fallen outside the principal character is at once as good-hearted and as a Dubarry or a Nell Gwynne. Mr. Morich's complications are what too unusual to be generally applicable, while his are rather of the obviously sentimental order. But he obviously writes in all sincerity, and we should as soon criticising the spirit in which he tilts at windmills as Don Quixote.

### "A RISE IN THE WORLD"

The "Rise in the World" (F. V. White and Co.) described by Miss Adeline Sergeant, is a very big rise indeed. It is the position of a plain, ill-grown, awkward, and altogether unattractive nurse-girl in a lodging-house, of unknown parentage and without birth and breeding, to that of a lovely and accomplished lady becoming the widow of a peer, marries a successful physician, is worthy of her—which is to say a great deal. How the transformation is effected Miss Sergeant tells well and interestingly. We need only say that Elizabeth, the girl by whom it is under a heart of the very purest gold, and passes triumphantly through the trials—one of them amounting to a virtual charge of murder prepared for her by a pair of unscrupulously malignant enemies. The author's doctrine of potential development is certainly strong. Sufficiently strong, also, is the scheme of the story, save for a tame and ineffective close, comprehending as it does the impossible conversion of the she villain.

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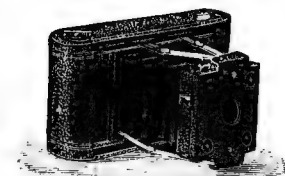
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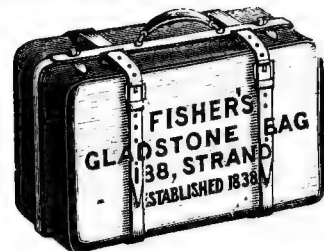
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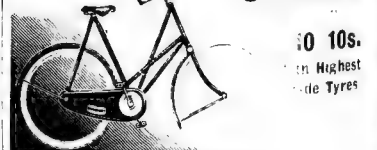
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**Diamond Tie Brooch, Pearl Centre, 8/6, or all Diamonds, same price.**

**Diamond Lucky Horseshoe Brooch, 12/-**

**Gold, 32/-**

**Gold, 21/-**

**Gold, 25/-**

**Gold, 21/-**

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# HENNESSY'S BRANDY.

**GENUINE BRANDY.**  
**BOTTLED IN COGNAC.**

## Six Soldier Brothers

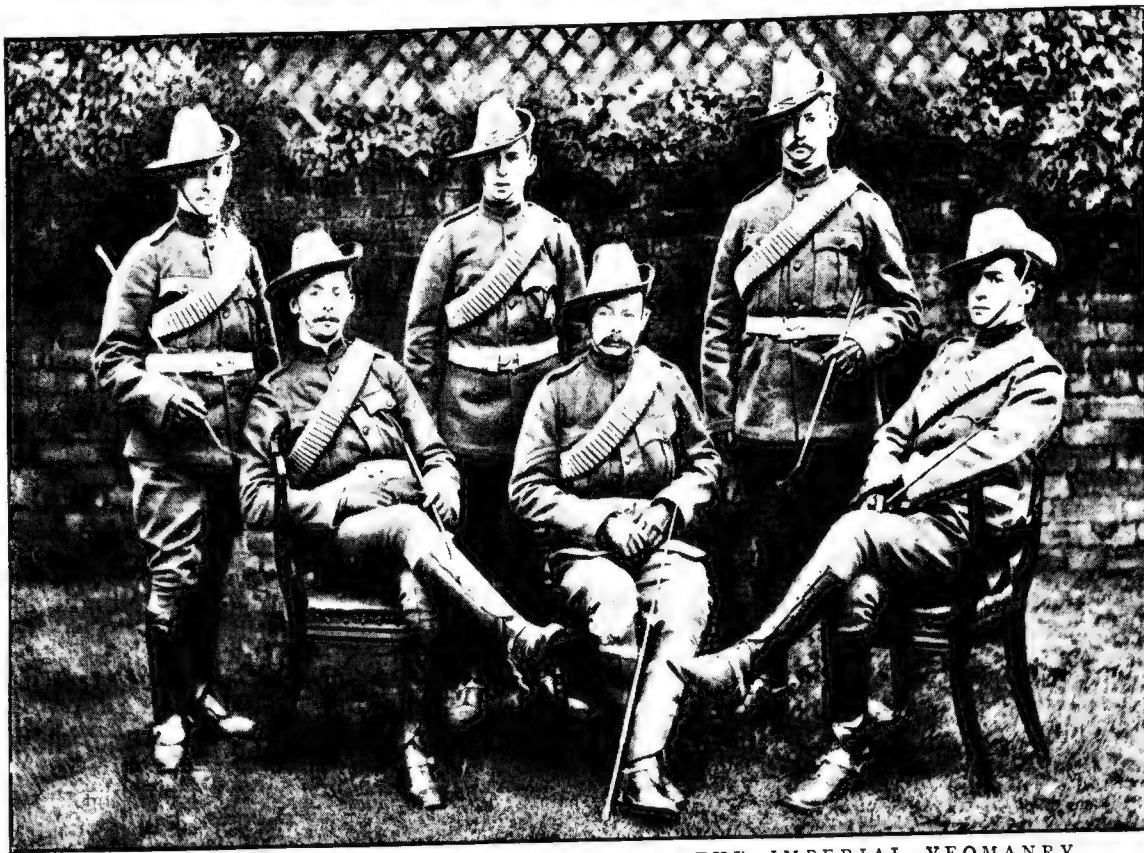
THE remarkable incident of the six sons of Mr. John Westley, of Lee, Kent, who enlisted together last month in the 3rd Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry, is but another proof of the strong patriotic feeling shown throughout the country in consequence of the present war in South Africa. It might interest old Volunteers, especially those of the 1st Surrey Rifles, to learn that they are the grandsons of Mr. E. B. Gudgeon, who was one of the first members of that corps formed in 1859. He took the keenest interest in the Volunteer movement, and attained the rank of lieutenant and quartermaster. He had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty by his friend the late Sir George Pollock. The brothers, whose ages range from twenty-one to twenty-seven, have been liberally educated in England, and all have had the advantage of finishing their studies abroad, either in Germany or France. They are keen sportsmen, football being their special forte. Four of the brothers are members of the West Hampstead Football Club, Joseph being considered one of the finest goal-keepers the club has ever had, and well worthy of county honours. Arthur has done good service for the club as "back," and Percy is a smart outside-left. Oscar (the youngest) is the seventh son in succession without the intervention of a daughter. He has spent two years studying mechanical engineering at Messrs. John Penn and Son's works, Greenwich. The other five are having good positions in the City, and their employers, in nearly every case, have behaved most generously towards them. Being descended from an old Catholic family, Cardinal Vaughan has written to their parents with reference to their enlistment:—"With all my heart I bless the six soldiers, and admire their spirit and determination. . . . To give six soldiers is next best thing to giving six priests to God's service." The Queen, in acknowledgment of a photograph of the six brothers, has graciously sent the following letter through Lieutenant-Colonel Davidson, Equerry-in-Waiting:—"Dear Sir,—I am commanded by the Queen to thank you for the photograph, which Her Majesty received with pleasure. Your six fine sons form a most interesting group, and you may well feel proud of their appearance. The Queen trusts that the six brothers,

who have shown such an excellent spirit in all joining the same regiment for service in South Africa, may all be spared to return in safety at the end of the war.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"ARTHUR DAVIDSON, Lieutenant-Colonel.

"J. Westley, Esq."

Their eldest sister, who is training as a nurse in Glasgow, has volunteered for work with the Red Cross in South Africa.



A FIGHTING FAMILY: SIX BROTHERS IN THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY

From a Photograph by Mayall and Co., Kingston-on-Thames

## Books of Reference

THE fifty-seventh annual edition of Thom's Official Directory (Alex. Thom and Co.) contains 1,988 pages—an increase of eight on last year's edition. Large as the volume is, it is wonderful how room is found for the large mass of information which it contains. Besides containing a Parliamentary directory, a serviceable Peerage, Navy and Army and other official lists, it also embraces the most complete Irish Official lists, abundant Irish statistics and

directories of the City and County of Dublin. We know of no other book which treats so completely Irish statistics of all kinds. "Thom" in its own line has no rival.—"Sell's Dictionary of the World's Press" (Henry Sell), which is published for the twenty-seventh successive year, contains, besides useful lists of newspapers, periodicals, and magazines published in various parts of the world, several articles and a mass of useful information on all kinds of topics, with many interesting illustrations illustrative of statistics.

Two large maps, one of South Africa and the other showing a comparison in size of South Africa and Europe, accompany the volume as supplements.—Another volume issued by the same publisher is "Sell's Dictionary of Registered Telegraphic Addresses." It is fifteen years since Mr. Sell began his task of supplying a list of telegraphic addresses, and the list now occupies 1,500 pages of the bulky volume. The list is compiled from official lists supplied by the Post Office, and is brought well up to date. Not only the telegraphic address of each firm is given, but also the professional postal address, telephone number, and telegraphic code used. At the end there is a classified business directory, which has considerably grown since the last edition.—The fifty-fifth edition of "The Newspaper Press Directory" (C. Mitchell and Co.) contains besides alphabetical indexes to newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals, a number of interesting articles. Mr. Hugh Fraser, LL.D., writes on "Decisions Affecting the Press with Special Reference to the Law of Libel;" Miss L. A. Smith on "Woman's Work on the Press;" and Mr. David Williams brings his "Bibliography of the Press" up to date. In the Colonial Supplement, besides other articles, "The South African Settlement and Imperial Trade" is discussed by Mr. Ernest E. Williams. The number of newspapers now existing is

given as follows:—London, 472; Provinces, 1,475; Wales, 110; Scotland, 233; Ireland, 181; and British Isles, 20; while magazines number 2,328.—Another useful newspaper directory is "Willing's Press Guide" (125 Strand), which now appears for the twenty-seventh successive year, in which the newspapers and periodicals issued in the United Kingdom are arranged in one index, the year of establishment, the day of publication, price, and publisher's name and address being given in each case. Classified lists follow. The volume is well up to date and contains reviews of all illustrated weeklies.

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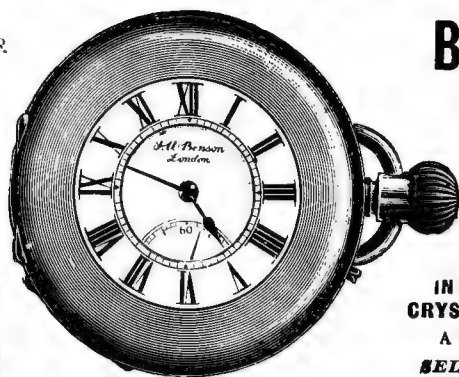


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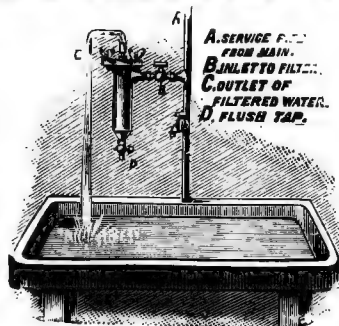
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It is better to brace up the system to  
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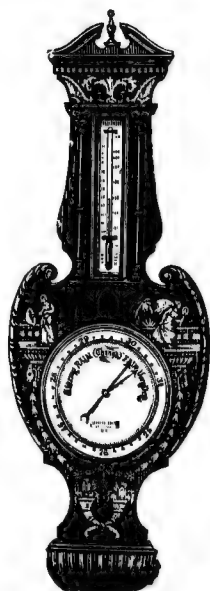


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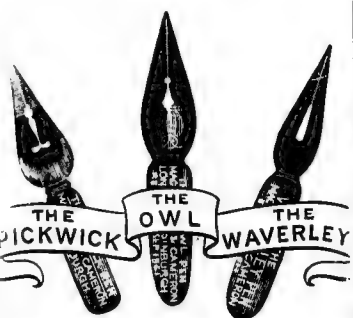
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Be sure they are **CARTER'S.**

## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

A DRY, cold March has relieved the surface soil of the super-abundant moisture left by January and February, and the very keen night frosts, of which we have had sixteen in thirty-one days, have broken up the clods and desiccated the clayed surface of the ploughed but unsown fields. The result is that both barley and oat sowings are being accomplished under far more satisfactory conditions than appeared probable four weeks ago. The comparative absence of rain has been good for the young lambs, who can stand cold better than damp. But the weather, which has favoured growers of oats and barley, and also the flockmasters, has been very injurious to wheat, which looks worse to-day than it did at the beginning of the year. It has also been all against the permanent pastures, on which there is scarcely any "bite," so that artificial food for animals is an absolute need. The vegetable garden has suffered severely, and shrubs have been cut back. Many semi-hardy plants have been killed, for these can stand but little frost at

the time when the early spring up-flow of sap is at its full. The sunlessness of March has not been healthy, and the east winds have, as the old saying runs, been good "neither for man nor beast." As to how birds have taken them may be seen from their remarkable backwardness in nesting and laying.

## WHAT WE ARE BUYING

Only two live pigs entered England all last year. These must, indeed, be proud animals. They were valued at 7%. The cattle imported numbered half a million. Which of these brought the foot-and-mouth disease is not specified. Probably the Government would give a good round sum for the information. Of sheep 607,755 were imported. The cattle cost the large sum of 8,573,000/., but the sheep were cheap at 943,000/.. For foreign beef we paid 7,570,000/., for mutton 5,439,000/., and for pork 1,708,000/.. But pork only slightly represents our total indebtedness to the foreign pig, for 10,401,000/.. was spent on foreign bacon, and 4,094,000/.. on ham. About 2,600,000/.. was spent on rabbits, poultry and other foreign flesh-food not derived from cattle, sheep or swine. The enormous expenditure on bacon and ham could

almost certainly be wholly saved by English farmers, and repaid the cost of doing things on a lordly scale, rejecting small and "petty" cares. Butter costs us yearly 17,213,000/.. for foreigner, and here Ireland is the chief sufferer. With the wonderful meadows which make the Green Isle so perfect a name, it ought to be able to outpace rocky Brittany, bleak Denmark, Holland, with its lack of shelter from the winds that come with frost on their wings from the North Sea.

## THE COST OF IT

No Government would think of proposing to keep out all animals except they had been returned to power by the electors. But if they had five safe years before them the thing is thinkable. It would mean dear meat for three years, but by the end of time we should have added to our own flocks and herds the natural process of breeding the 503,504 cattle, 607,755 sheep, the brace of pigs that we annually require from abroad. The security would be immense, no infectious diseases could be imported, and the breaking out of such diseases, where they are without foreign infection, could be promptly "cordoned" and

"The Leading House for Good Vintages."

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*Wine Merchants,*

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**Our Quotations** are the lowest anywhere obtainable, and include the **free** delivery of any quantity, large or small, in London and Suburbs, or to any Railway Station in Great Britain, or any Port in Ireland.

**We Only Sell** Wines of **good Vintages.** Light and low-priced Wines of all descriptions a special feature.

**The Authenticity** of every Wine and Spirit sold by us is guaranteed independently by the best known Growers, Shippers, or Distillers.

**The following Extract** from our Price List may be found interesting:—

## CLARETS.

| Bin No.                          | Vineyard.                | District. | Vintage. | Per doz. botts. | Per doz. ½ botts. |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|-----------|----------|-----------------|-------------------|
| 46                               | VIN ORDINAIRE            | .. ..     | —        | 12/0            | 8/0               |
| an agreeable wine.               |                          |           |          |                 |                   |
| 46a                              | VIN ORDINAIRE SUPERIOR   | —         | —        | 14/0            | 9/0               |
| a soft well-flavoured wine.      |                          |           |          |                 |                   |
| 48                               | CHATEAU LESLESQUES, a    | 1896      | 16/0     | 10/0            |                   |
| smooth broad wine. Medoc.        |                          |           |          |                 |                   |
| 47a                              | CHATEAU TOURENNE, a soft | 1893      | —        | 10/0            |                   |
| wine, rather full. Fronsac.      |                          |           |          |                 |                   |
| 45                               | METAYET ST. SAUVEUR, a   | 1893      | 17/6     | 10/9            |                   |
| full pleasant wine. St. Sauveur. |                          |           |          |                 |                   |
| 44a                              | CHATEAU CASTLENAU, good  | 1893      | 17/0     | 11/0            |                   |
| flavour, medium body. Preignac.  |                          |           |          |                 |                   |

All the Clarets quoted in our list are the produce of good vintage years; no Clarets are quoted of the years 1879, 1881 to 1886 inclusive, 1892, 1894, 1895 (Medoc District) or 1897, as these vintages were all notoriously bad or indifferent.

*Guaranteed to be the PRODUCE OF THE VINEYARDS named on the labels.*

**SPECIALY RECOMMENDED.**

**ALSO 36 OTHER VARIETIES.**

## CLARETS.

| Bin No.                                       | Vineyard.                                     | District. | Vintage. | Per doz. botts. | Per doz. ½ botts. |
|---|---|-----------|----------|-----------------|-------------------|
| 49  | LA DONE JOUBERT, medium                       | 1890      | 18/0     |                 |                   |
| body, nice bouquet. Ambès.                    |   |           |          |                 |                   |
| 50  | CHATEAU ST. SELVE, soft full                  | 1893      | 20/0     | 12/0            |                   |
| wine, good bouquet. St. Selve.                |   |           |          |                 |                   |
| 50a   | CHATEAU VILLAMBIS, a soft                     | 1899      | 20/0     |                 |                   |
| elegant round wine. Cissac.                   |   |           |          |                 |                   |
| 51a   | CRU MARQUIS D'ALEME, a                        | 1893      | 21/0     | 12/0            |                   |
| soft wine of medium body. Le Pian.            |   |           |          |                 |                   |
| 49a   | CHATEAU CLOS GRAND MEYRE, a wine of excellent | 1893      | 23/0     |                 |                   |
| flavour, medium body, good bouquet. Soussans. |   |           |          |                 |                   |
| <i>Bottled at the Chateau, fully branded.</i> |   |           |          |                 |                   |
| 52  | CHATEAU DES LAURETS, full                     | 1890      | 24/0     | 1               |                   |
| wine, good bouquet. St. Emilion.              |   |           |          |                 |                   |

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Hot Alkali-saline Baths (23-37° R.). Renowned and frequented for centuries. Treemen during the whole year. Celebrated for its unrivalled efficacy in Gout, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, and other nervous diseases, Sequelæ of Wounds, Fractures, Anchylosis, Curvature, &c.

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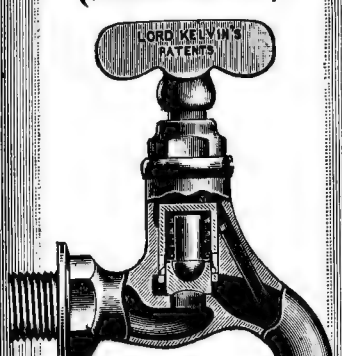
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Brushes, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6 each.

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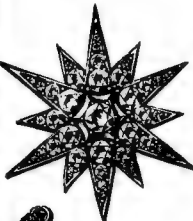
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Brooch containing 23 Diamonds and Pearl, £44s. Bracelet to match, £56s. Second quality Diamonds, without Pearl, £27s. 6d.

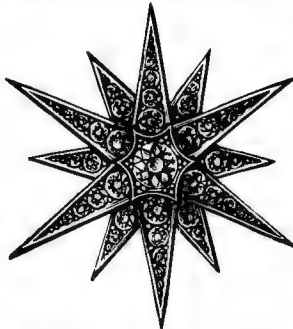


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Choice White Brilliants, £31 10s. Smaller Sizes in Stock.



These Five Stars, mounted as Tiara, £80, or sold separately at £17 15s., £13 15s., and £8 17s. 6d. Larger Sizes in Stock.



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New Diamond Star Brooch, Pendant, or Hair Ornament, £5. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 6s. A variety of Larger Size Stars in Stock.



Ostrich Feather Fan, 15 inches long. Black on Shell, £3 3s. 2nd quality, £2 2s. White on Pearl, £3 15s. Natural on Shell, £4 4s. Superior Fans up to £9 9s. kept in Stock. Marabout Mouchet Fans, £7 15s., £11 15s., £14 14s.

Larger and Smaller Brooches always

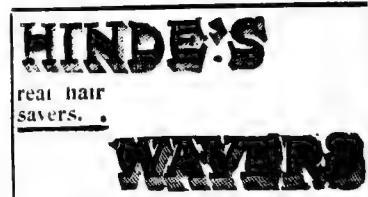
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New Tie Brooch, containing 44 Diamonds, £5 6s.

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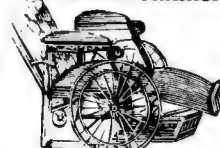


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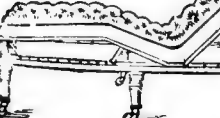
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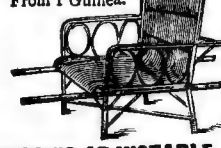
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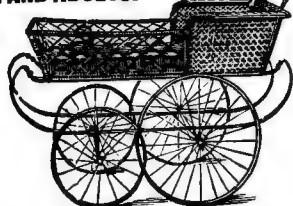


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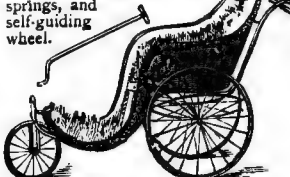
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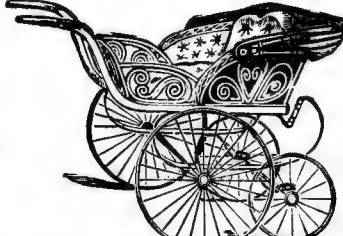
LEVESON'S VICTORIA INVALID'S CARRIAGE with self-guiding front wheel.



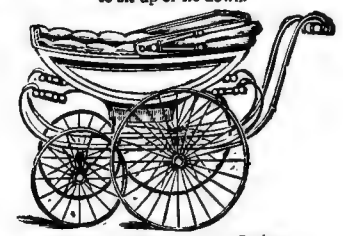
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from spreading. The home flocks and herds once raised by freedom from foreign competition to the strength required by the demand for meat, prices would revert to their present level. Once this was accomplished a strong administration might proceed step by step to make us independent of foreign countries for our butter, cheese and eggs. Nor should 1,456,000l. be spent annually on foreign condensed milk.

## CHEAP CORN.

Farmers complain that the fall in all cereals during 1899 has left them in a very bad position. While not disputing what is a fully demonstrated fact, it must be pointed out that England cannot hope to grow all its own corn in the same way that with good agriculture it might produce all its own meat, eggs, butter and cheese. Seeing then that cereals must be bought from abroad, it is obviously the

interest of the nation that this foreign produce should be acquired cheaply. The fall in prices referred to effected in 1899, as compared with 1898, a saving of £400,000 on what we paid the foreigner for breadstuffs, of £1,800,000 on what we paid for barley, of £183,000 on the cost to our horse owners of oats, and of £110,000 on the cost of foreign oatmeal. The one article on which we spent more money was maize; the demand for this American, Argentine, and Russian cereal—it comes from these three sources practically exclusively—is astonishing, and the colossal sum of £13,400,000 was expended on it last year. It won't grow in England, but our Colonies and India could grow every sack which we require.

## OUR ORCHARDS

The proposal of the Government to encourage the further planting of orchards seems to have more to be said for it on second thoughts

than appeared when it was first made to a somewhat unsympathetic House of Commons. The idea that orchards were to be the "improvements" *ipso facto* hardly sounded logical, but when that Mr. Long has a stronger case than was commonly supposed, English fruit enjoys a pre-eminence for flavour and quality in no way a sentimental prejudice. It is a simple matter. This being so, it is clear waste and a bad reliance on an article which causes us to spend yearly 1,186,000l. on foreign pears, 266,000l. on foreign plums, and 153,000l. on foreign cherries. It is not too much to say that Devon, Somerset, and Gloucester, which do not make wheat pay, grow all these foreign apples and give us finer flavour to boot. Hereford and Worcester could grow the extra 266,000l. worth of pears, Hampshire, Surrey, and Sussex could give us the plums, Kent, single-handed, provide the cherries.



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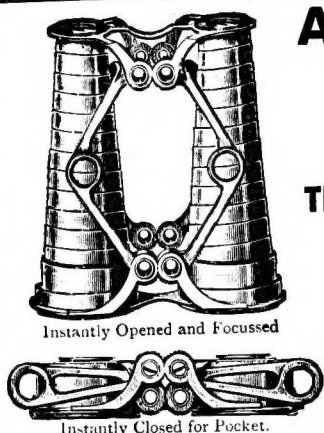
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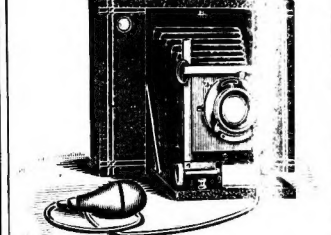
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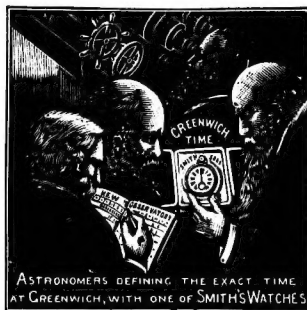
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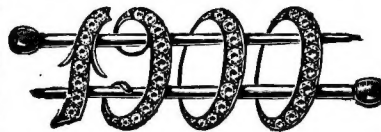
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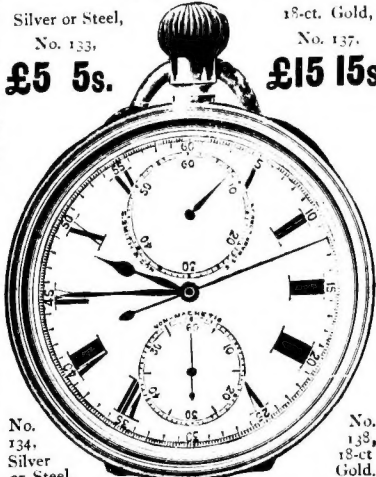
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